THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862. | VOL. X.—No. 33. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"A life on the ocean wave!".
The man who wrote it was green;
He had never been to sea,
And a storm he had never seen.

He never has been aroused
From his morning's gentle doze
By the sound of splashing water,
As it falls from the horrid hose!

He has never heard a man
Scrubbing right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave, the slumbering dead.

He has never seen a fat woman
Growing thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side,
Throwing herself away;

While people look carelessly on
Though in tears the woman may be,
And unfeelingly say it is nothing at all,
Only the roll of the sea.

That man may have sailed in a boat,
In some puddle or on a sound
But if he has been to sea and wrote
Such a song, he deserves to be drowned.

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER III.

Lilly Salome and her Champion—"What's in a name?"—A Love Scene—An Attack Front and Rear—An Advice to "Foragers"—The Baffled Villain—The Forced Retreat—"What's Loose?"—Champion No. 2—"You're an Old Squash"—The Squash "Some Pumpkins"—A Sparring Bout—Escape of Lilly—Madame Crisp and Bob Clifford—Eight Hundred Dollars and a Wallet—A Coward's Blow.

When the stranger recovered from the visitation paid him by Blake's auctioneer, he found himself stretched upon a sofa in the room where Mark and the two girls had been in convention. Lilly was acting as his nurse, and in a few hours she had him standing on his feet, but little the worse for the blow he had received. As Hettie had departed in the meantime, the man, observing her absence, inquired for her.

"She has gone home," replied Lilly, "and directed me to thank you for the part you had taken in our behalf. I hope you feel better, sir?"

"Much better than I did; but you were very kind to remain. May I ask your name?"

"They call me Kate Rogers."

"A very saucy name."

"Think so?" and Lilly's foot peeped from under her skirts as she reclined upon the sofa, opposite to where the man was sitting.

"Kate is always indicative of sauciness, lively humor, and a devil-may-care sort of disposition."

"You always found it so, Mister? Beg your pardon—I am ignorant of your name;" and the artful woman sighed, as she altered her position so as to occupy less room on the sofa, which was a pretty good hint to the stranger how to conduct himself, and not being slow to discover the meaning of her mute appeal to his gallantry, he crossed the room, and seated himself beside her.

"You may call me Bob Clifford," for it was he, whom Mark and Jack alluded to on several occasions.

"Bob Clifford!" ejaculated Lilly, as if in terror at the name, and observing that he noticed her uneasiness, added, "What a pretty name!"

"Do you think so?" queried Bob, as he placed his arm around her waist.

"My, yes!" replied Lilly, growing pale, and trembling at his touch; for, fast creature as she was, she learned to detest the man before she had met him.

"Don't you relish the freedom?" interrogated Bob, giving her a gentle squeeze.

"Your freedom, Mr. Clifford, I assure you is unbearable. You will please release me." Lilly endeavored to struggle from his arms, but her puny strength was of no avail. Bob, emboldened by passion, essayed to lay his hand upon her bosom, but she gently chided him, and turning half way round in her position, she placed one arm behind him as if intending to embrace him. Bob then attempted to kiss her, but missing the mark, he began to attempt liberties with her person, when she administered a sharp rebuke by driving a pin into him, causing Clifford to leap from his seat with an oath too broad for publication.

This treatment was more than Bob bargained for, and complaining of such harsh measures, Lilly, gaining courage, laughed boisterously at his discomfiture.

Clifford resolved to conquer her.

"When foraging around again, Mr. Clifford, be sure that your rear is guarded against surprise. That's military style, you know."

As Lilly spoke, she was smoothing down her hair at a glass. Her back being turned towards Clifford when she uttered the remark, he conceived the opportunity a good one to grasp her in his arms, and making a dash to execute his thought, the mirror reflected his movement to Lilly, who suddenly wheeled around to confront him, but he pinned her, and in his great, strong arms, bore her to the sofa. Going rapidly to the door to secure it against intrusion, Bob turned to feast upon the voluptuous girl, who, in the meantime, had regained her feet. Clifford was again baffled.

Like an insulted queen, Lilly stood before him, her black, beautiful orbs of light kindled with the fire of determination to resist his advances upon her person. In her hand, cocked and pointed at his head, was a small pocket revolver.

"Approach!" shouted the girl, "and you meet your death."

"Put up that plaything," cried Bob, "put it aside. I was only joking."

"I understand you, Robert Clifford. You are a base villain. The least you say the better. Open that door!" There was murder in her eyes, and Bob hesitated. "Open that door!" again she commanded.

To be thus bullied by a woman galled the defiant spirit of the Rowdy Prince. The thought was maddening and humiliating, yet what could he do but obey? It was a matter of choice with him—obedience to the infuriated woman's will, or death. The former alternative was preferable.

As Bob opened the door, Lilly seized her hat and shawl; meantime her little "lap dog" was poised at a proper level, ready to "bark" should Clifford make any demonstration to surprise her; and coaxing him by the force of circumstances to pioneer the way, she followed him down stairs to the parlor, where were seated Madame Crisp, her lady boarders, and a few gentlemen, who were perplexed but amused at the scene thus ridiculously thrust upon them.

"Gracious goodness me!" exclaimed a "sister," sucking at a lemon to lessen her color.

"Goodness thunder!" echoed Madame, "What does all this mean?"

"What's loose?" interrogated a young gent, whose upper lip sported an incipient moustache.

"This wretch," said Lilly, "will explain after I have departed."

"By heaven, you'll regret this act!" Clifford exclaimed.

"You must remain here," continued Lilly, adjusting her bonnet as well as her hands would permit, one of them being encumbered by the pistol, "until I am gone just one hour."

"Who shall detain me? There's no man here dare oppose my going; if there is, show him up."

Not a soul moved, for Clifford was a desperate looking fellow just then, and seemed as if he could chaw a tiger to atoms.

"If any man here should attempt to stand between me and the street door," he continued with a blasphemous oath, "I'll walk over his body, that's all. Now get along, Miss Rogers, the trick is mine. Trot."

An elderly gentleman, the identical individual whom we noticed on the track as the would-be purchaser of Clerkson's lottery ticket, and who was now present, stepped forward, and stationing himself between Lilly and Clifford, addressed the latter, who was biting his lips with rage and mortification.

"Sir, doubtless you have been guilty of some gross offence to this lady—it may have been, perhaps, but a simple indiscretion; but whatever may have passed between you both, there exists no reason why you should follow her against her wishes. Sir, I stand here to protect her."

The gentleman spoke with an air of firmness. In appearance he seemed to be on the shady side of forty, and though to a casual observer he appeared rather the worse for years, he possessed a muscular frame and was as agile as a much younger man.

"Who are you talking to?" said Bob, with an air of contempt.

"You, sir, I believe."

"Oh, you're an old squash."

"Am I?"

"I think so."

Lilly now essayed to depart. Bob attempted to follow, but was prevented by the "squash."

"Stand out of my way!" thundered Bob, as the old gent opposed him.

This opposition irritated Clifford, and thinking he possessed an easy thing of it, squared himself for a "turnup" with his new-found enemy. Jack was as good as his master this time, insomuch as the "squash" was "some pumpkins" on planting, and mashed Bob's potato-trap, who tried a return, but was stopped. Clifford, enraged and exasperated beyond bounds, struck out indiscriminately, but his passes were skillfully parried, and with such a marvelous degree of pugilistic excellence, that if Izzy Lazarus were present, he'd go a Champion Belt against a pig tail whistle on the vegetable gentleman.

Bob summoned his best skill to "get hunk" on his wily opponent, but he again failed, for, put in where he would, he was beautifully stopped and countered.

While the sparring was being enacted, several of the visitors grew scarce. Lilly threw open the street door, and calling upon her champion to fall back, she brought her weapon to bear on Clifford's breast. Commanding the latter to desist on the pain of death, he obeyed, and staggered back. Placing her defender to the side nearest the door, he bounded out, followed slowly by Lilly, who kept Bob at bay. Clifford dared not follow, as danger to his person would be the result.

Seating himself, he consoled his feelings with the hope of meeting Lilly at another time and place, when he would be fearfully avenged.

"Who in the devil can she be?" he muttered savagely to one of the girls, at the same breath calling for a glass of brandy.

"Why," responded the girl, who was "paving" the streets when Clifford made inquiries of Lilly and Hettie before, "why don't you know?"

"D——n it, girl, would I ask if I knew?"

"Oh! Why, that's Lilly Salome."

"What! Lilly Salome? Mark Blake's woman?" and he dashed the tumbler of colored liquor to the floor. "Hell and fury—I'm duped. Crisp! here; do you know where that girl hangs out?"

"She's a riddle to all of us, Bob. She's mum on that point."

Bob remembered that when he interrogated Madame previously, as to Lilly's name, she denied all knowledge of her, and reflecting for a moment, considered that she knew more of the girl than she was disposed to reveal.

"I'll find her if I have to search all hell for her. How much is my bill, Madame?" The question was intended as a sort of bribe for Madame to let out.

"Nothing to pay, Bob."

"D——n it. Fire and blue blazes, Madame, what does this mean?" vociferated Bob wildly, searching through his pockets. His wallet, containing eight hundred dollars, was *non est*. It was gone, he knew not whither. The money was secured by Lilly Salome when Bob was "laying off" in the oblivious state, transported thence by Mark Blake when the villain attempted to block his way to the street.

The discovery of his loss rendered Clifford as savage as a short tailed bull on the rampage in fly time, and he wanted to spend his passion upon some one, if he had to demolish the piano.

"Do you know anything particular of that Salome girl, Madame? Where does she live?"

"I really don't know, Bob."

"What!" exclaimed Bob, his eyes flashing.

"I do not know where she lives," repeated the woman, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Come here!" he shouted, but the Madame was terrified to such an extent that her limbs refused their offering. Finding that she was too slack in approaching him, he seized her by the wrist, the words grinding between his set teeth, "Say that again."

"I know nothing of her but her name," and the woman uttered the truth.

"You lie, you wretch!" he cried, and with a vile blow, we blush to record it, he struck the poor, defenceless creature to his feet, and with a howl of intense rage, dashed into the street.

Be a woman as base as perverted nature will allow, that hand of man, poised above her, to descend with violence, should be withered and blasted of its cruel power ere it struck. To lay violent hands upon a female is unmanly, unprincipled, and infamous. That man who degrades himself by inflicting a blow upon weak woman, insults humanity and the power that gave him such a delicate creature to soothe his moments of sorrow and mitigate his sufferings during his pilgrimage over life's dreary pathway.

CHAPTER IV.

Bill Hasty's—The match—Backing out and backing up—"A gay boy from the South"—Ladies in breeches—In a fix—Bob Clifford and his murdering brigade—Bill Hasty's advice—Big Mike—Yankee Sullivan letting out—"A pooty boy"—A row.

In a small room, furnished in true sporting style, at the rear of a bar-room situated in Centre street, around a large oaken table, sat, by gaslight, a crowd of sporting men of every hue and grade. Chairs and stools were in great demand, as the event of the day in sporting circles was to be clinched; the match between Jack Moreton and Bill Kernan was to be settled financially.

At the table, with writing materials before them, sat Mark Blake, Jack Moreton and his backer, Phil Benton, Bill Kernan and his two backers, Chris. Samson and Tod Swelter. Frank Clerkson with his inevitable red shirt, and his friend Jim, sat in one corner, engaging their spare moments in low discussion.

After considerable debate on matters touching the match, Chris. Samson arose from his seat and addressed the little assemblage, most of the outsiders being expelled from the room.

Said Samson, with an air of pomposity peculiar to some individuals under such important circumstances—"Gentlemen, I regret to find a disposition on the part of Phil Benton, to forfeit the deposits made in behalf of Jack Moreton, but I hope to learn that such is not his intention. We have been to much trouble in preparing our man, and desire to go on with the match." As Samson resumed his seat, a sensation spread through the room. Benton took the floor.

"It is true, gentlemen," said Benton, fixing his eyes upon Jack, "that I intend to forfeit my deposits. Moreton violated the confidence I reposed in him, by visiting Centreville Course a few days ago, where he got into a row, and sustained such bodily injuries as to render him unfit to enter the ring. In justice to myself, and as a warning to pugilists, I decline to proceed with the match. You can all see that my principal is in no condition to fight. I can better afford to lose my deposits now than the full stake to-morrow, for, to my thinking, Jack is as good as whipped."

"You jump at conclusions, Benton," remarked Blake.

"Is Moreton in that condition essential to success?" inquired Benton. "Look at his eyes—dull and void of that flashing spark that reveals the fire of strength within. I don't back such a man."

"He can best answer that question himself," replied Blake.

"Never felt better," said Jack, as all eyes were turned upon him.

"That's the talk," said Blake, adding, "In or out of condition, if the other party desires fight, we can give it to them, but on one condition."

"Name it," said Tod Swelter.

"As Moreton has been at fault in the matter of his training, I propose to Mr. Benton to let his money stand unforfeited, and I will produce a gentleman on the spot to put up the balance, who will also hand Benton the amount he staked."

As this proposition was fair and square, Messrs. Samson & Co., accepted the offer, and Blake, rising from the table, crossed the room, and taking by the hand a young gentleman, dressed to "kill," introduced him as "Harry Worthington, of Charleston, South Carolina."

"A gay boy from the South," chuckled Clerkson to Jim, "but I'm a squirt pipe if I aint seen that mug of his'n afore."

"It occurs to me, too," replied Jim, "that I have seen that face somewhere before." Jim began to engineer a train of thoughts.

"Yes," he said, after a brief reflection. "I met that person last winter at the Tammany Hall Ball, but then petticoats abounded."

"That's me!" ejaculated Frank. "Aint we sharp, though!"

"Lilly Salome, as I sit here," remarked Jim. "Wonder what in hell she's up to now!"

"Don't you see? Backing Jack. One good turn deserves another. Moreton often gave her a lift, you know."

"I know, I know," said Jim, hurriedly; "but where could she have scraped the money? Look, Frank, there's her right bower, Hettie Fletcher, in breeches too!" and Jim secretly pointed out Hettie, who was carelessly at ease in an arm chair, little thinking that herself and friend were discovered.

"Blowed if she aint!" remarked the fireman, wandering his eyes around the room to see if the disguised girls were detected by any others.

"This woman interfering don't look well in pugilistic affairs," said Jim, "and if Bill discovers it there'll be the devil to pay, for he is totally down on petticoats being mixed up with the boys."

Not paying any attention to Jim's remarks, Clerkson shifted his position, saying, "I tell you what, Jim, there's something in the pan frying."

At this juncture a rough-looking fellow, with a hang-dog look, got up and left the room.

"Did you see that?" interrogated Frank, hastily. "There's a leak in the hose, an' I'm a goin' to find it. Be back soon."

Frank left the apartment.

The money staked, Jack felt easy, and breathed more freely. The new-found friend was thanked, and Jack congratulated. Preliminaries necessary to the meeting next morning being settled, the betting commenced, Jim going a cool three hundred at evens with the backers of Bill Kernan, which gave an impetus to the financial arrangements, quite exhilarating. Drinking and smoking followed, the friends of both parties being as merry as mice in a meal bag.

"Blake," queried Jim, as he button-holed him, "how did Salome raise that pile?"

Mark was "obfusticated," and casting an oblique glance at Lilly, who was putting herself outside of a sherry cobler, at the bar, said, "Bob Clifford. She shook him down at Crisp's the other night—made a big haul, and refused to stand to Jack unless we allowed the proceedings just enacted; but how the devil did you discover her in that disguise?"

"Couldn't deceive me, Blake. Others have been as sharp. One of Clifford's crowd has just gone out with Frank at his heels."

"If that's so," said Blake, "he and his party will undoubtedly arrive here soon, for he swears vengeance on the girl for the trick she played on him."

"Then get the girls out of here as soon as possible."

Breaking the news of her discovery to Lilly, she deemed it prudent to depart with Hettie at once. Moreton volunteered to escort them to Broadway, but Blake would not allow it, and taking them both by the arm, he accompanied them up Centre street to Grand street, where, finding a carriage, he thrust the girls into the vehicle, and banging the door, ordered coachee to drive to —— Bleecker street.

Returning to the sporting house where he left Jim and Moreton, he found the fireman relating to his friends the fact of the discovery of the girl by one of Clifford's gang.

Anticipating a visit from Clifford to kick up a row, the four friends repudiated all thoughts of deserting the premises, and concluded to give the villain a warm reception if he showed fight.

As the proprietor of the saloon came down stairs, he was surprised to behold Bob Clifford and several of his "Bloody Brigade," as his party was called, entering his place at the street door.

"Hello, fellers!" yelled Clifford, dressed as an out-and-out rowdy of the Points, "what's trumps? That fight on? Hello, Jim, that you? how are you?" and Bob extended his hand in mock friendship to the pugilist, who deigned to notice the offering. "Well, that's what I call going back on a feller what you know," he added. "Say, let's liquor at the expense of the house."

The crowd, consisting of about a dozen, edged up to the bar, clamorous for drink; but the proprietor refused to furnish them.

"What!" shouted one of the party, whose eyes were blood-red with alcoholic stimulants and dissipation, "old thunderhead, are you a fallin' back on yer Christian friends?"

"Say, Mister Hasty," put in Clifford, "if you don't want your house turned inside out, you had better pony over your lightning; now, mind, I tell you."

"There is not one among ye, big or little, from yourself, Bob Clifford, down to the meanest grub in the pack, and that is you, Pat Noonan, can make me do it."

Mr. Hasty was a pugilist of the foremost rank, and the hero of many a gamely contested battle, on both sides of the "great waters." As an expert boxer and game fighter, Mr. Hasty was held in awe by every single man that formed Clifford's command, and no two of them present would dare dispute a victory with him. Aware of this fact, Mr. Hasty entertained but little or no alarm for his personal safety, but realized danger to his property should the gang inaugurate a free fight.

"The best thing you can do, boys," continued Mr. Hasty, "is to leave this and go home. If any of you have such a place outside of the Tombs. You'll not get hurt or catch cold at home."

"I guess you mean fight, Hasty," queried Bob, anxiously, for, to be explicit, that was just what Bob desired, in order to get at Blake and Clerkson.

"Mike!" vociferated Hasty, at the top of his voice.

"I'm here," responded a voice up stairs, and a thundering giant of a fellow poked his head over the stairway. "What's wanted?" Seeing the crowd at the bar, it needed no more to tell him his duty. Coming down the stairs, he stood at the end of the counter.

Mike was a stalwart Hibernian of savage aspect, from which he derived the appellation of "Big Mike," and as he stood before the "Bloody Brigade," holding in his hand a lighted two-penny dip, which emitted a ray of light that would hardly contrast in brilliancy with a jet of reflection from a northern ice-blink, fight could be seen sticking out all over him.

Mike was a man of peace to those who did not stand in his way, but a cross look at him would be sufficient pretext for a high old scrimmage. Fighting was his element—a pastime, as it were, idiopathic with his nature, for which he was employed, to use an analogy, by Mr. Hasty, as a peacemaker, who deemed such a man essential to the preservation of order and decorum in his house; and we opine he was correct in his judgment, as there exists nothing so potent to curb and check the combativeness of some characters visiting public houses, as an ocular reminder of the presence of a formidable pair of knuckles, attached to a man understanding their use.

"What do these bla'gards want here?" asked Mike.

Jim approached Clifford as Mike put the question, and addressed him thus:—

"Clifford, you know me; you see here what you have to deal with when you pick a quarrel. You have no business at this house. Now, take yourself and your land pirates off. We'll allow you a minute to paddle."

"I'd see you d—d first, Sullivan!" cried Bob. Whack went the pugilist's left, a shoulder hit, catching Bob's breast, knocking him clean through the door out on to the sidewalk, where he lay.

"A pooty boy!" yelled Clerkson, following suit by feeling a fellow about his own size rather forcibly under the chin, which drove him over a pile of barrels. Blake, simultaneously with Frank, initiated another of the gang into the solitary comforts of "squatter sovereignty." Mr. Hasty and Big Mike, catching the knock-down fever, joined in, and in less time than it takes to record it, the room was cleared of the rowdies, who fled precipitately, some of them never once looking behind until they reached their rendezvous in Anthony street.

"Clifford will give some of you trouble yet," remarked Hasty, as he closed and bolted the door.

"He has got it in for us," replied Blake.

"Yes, but we can take it out of him," edged in Frank; "how pooty he travelled through the doorway—hey! what!"

"Wonder if he knows where the fight is to come off?" inquired Sullivan, whom the reader may now recognise as Yankee Sullivan.

"Not unless some one sent word from here," replied Hasty; "for not an outsider has the information as yet."

"We start, I suppose, before dawn?"

"Yes, Moreton and his seconds must be at Pop Collins', at Bull's Head Ferry, by daylight at the latest. What hour is it now?"

"One o'clock," replied Sullivan, looking at his massive gold chronometer—"time for Moreton to have some rest."

In this they all agreed, and after a jolly drink all round, Moreton excepted, the party left the house to prepare for the morning's work.—To be continued.

WORKING IN SLEEP.—Some people seem to accomplish little in their waking hours. It might be well for them if they could form the curious habit alluded to in the following paragraph:—

A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual vocations at the mill, then returning to bed. On waking in the morning he recollected nothing of what had passed during the night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from his bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M., Philadelphia.—"Will you please decide the following case:—Philadelphia, Oct. 24, 1862—In consideration of one hundred dollars, J. M., of the one part, guaranties that D. R. E., will not be drafted on the 28th inst., and in case he is drafted on said day, J. M., will find him a substitute, or go in his place, himself.

(s.s.) Signed . . J. M.
(s.s.) Signed . . D. R. E.

When the agreement was signed, there was every probability of a draft in this city. Now, that there has been no draft here, the party refuses to give up the money, the money being now up. Please state which takes the money."..... In our opinion, the fact of there being no draft renders the agreement null and void. Had the draft taken place on the day mentioned, and had D. R. E., been drafted, J. M., by furnishing a substitute, or going himself for D. R. E., would have obviated all future liability of D. R. E., being drafted. As it is now, should another call be made, and a draft ordered, D. R. E., is still liable. It is not just, therefore, that D. R. E., should be made to pay twice for one service.

U. S. Service, Hampton Roads.—1. Mace is a bigger man than Tom Sayers. See our remarks on the coming fight. 2. Dan Donnelly was never champion of England; neither was Jack Langan. 3. O'Rourke and Deaf Burke fought in this country. O'Rourke challenged Burke to fight on the Curragh of Kildare, Ireland, but Burke declined to fight him out of England. Numerous challenges passed and repassed between Burke and O'Rourke, but they could not come to terms as to the place. Ward, however, offered to fight O'Rourke, in Ireland, but the latter did not accept, and soon after, "the O'Rourke" sailed for America.

M. W. P.—There is no regular and well-digested code of laws for *all* games at bagatelle, and, indeed, it would be next to impossible to frame such a code, because of the very many different games played, every room or locality having its own game, and governed mostly by its own rules. Moreover, the game being "mere bagatelle," it has evidently not been considered of sufficient importance to have a fixed code. It is customary, however, in most games, to play at the red or spotted ball first, and each ball that misses to be taken off the table as a lost ball. Unless the particular game is specified, we should advise "a draw."

Spartacus, Malden, Mass.—1. The lady usually called Emily Thorne is a native of England, and has not been a long time in this country. 2. Gen. Sykes arose to his present position by promotion in the regular army. 3. Ed Price, we believe, is in Washington; Coburn in this city. 4. Price would, we think, make a good fight with Mace. 5. No. 6. No record was kept—they were mere turns-up with unknown men. 7. Opinions vary—there are hardly enough of the different weights you speak of to make comparisons at all, and those have seldom been properly tried.

Subscriber, Trenton, N. J.—1. Appealing to our fears is decidedly rich, and gives the demi-semi-quaver to our nervous system, "ev coorse." 2. We have "put ourselves out" considerably to "put you in" possession of the truth, but the testimony so far as we can get at it, is conflicting. Some, who should know, say negroes are employed at the Custom House here as *bona fide* clerks, while others, who also should know, say they are not, but only in a subordinate capacity. The former are in the majority, however.

Subscriber, Portland.—The last theatre erected in this city is Wallack's new theatre, corner of 13th street and Broadway. The old theatre, called Wallack's, in Broadway below Broome street, was not built by that gentleman, but was erected for Mr. John Brougham. It afterwards was leased to Mr. Wallack, who occupied it until his new theatre was erected.

W. P. M., Philadelphia.—Address the stage manager or the prompter. Send your name, address, and references, as in any other matter of business. You may have a "call," but if not, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your best to obtain it. We have already given a description of the new establishment.

A Contributor, Montreal, C. E.—The cards at whist must be dealt from left to right, deliberately, detached by the centre, and distributed one at a time. Dealing from right to left, or in an irregular manner, is not proper.

W. H.—Your questions might be answered, perhaps, by the subject herself; but, really, allow us to ask you, are not your questions altogether too impertinent? Suppose you "hunt her up" yourself.

Jasper, Louisville, Ky.—1. One point should be added to the game of your adversary, as a penalty for your neglect to follow suit. 2. Two points can only be scored for a march.

W. S. Buffalo.—The height of Trinity Church spire, New York, is 283 feet; that of St. Paul's, London, 370; and that of Salisbury, 410.

T. R. J., Washington, D. C.—Aaron Jones never fought a prize fight in this country; he seconded Heenan in his fight with Morrissey, and that was his only appearance in the ring here.

E. C, Providence, R. I.—Sixteen won the bird, the tie to the contrary notwithstanding. The fourteen thrown in deciding the tie, would not affect the bet, and No. 1 "rakes the pot."

One of 'em, Alton, Ill.—1. Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion. 2. Your hand on it, and our "Cabin Boy" reciprocates.

H. C., Boston.—1. We have no Clippers previous to that date. 2. You can procure the work, doubtless, of W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

J. B. B., New York.—The dome of the City Hall was burned on August 17, 1858; and the Hospital building, Staten Island, about Sept. 22, 1858.

H. F. Woodward, Norfolk, Va.—Paper was sent, but to another address from your last. Guess it's all right now. The "swap" is agreeable on our part.

L. P. G.—The first question we answer in the negative; the second in the affirmative. The amphitheatre, alone, at the New Bowery, holds more than you say for the whole house.

T. B., Pulaski.—See Geo. C. Dobson's advertisement in theatrical column.

W. H. S., Dunkirk.—We are unable to locate the little lady, at present.

Fanchon, St. Louis.—1. Ask for Epes Sargent's "Reader," Boston edition. 2. Address Dr. Gouraud, 453 Broadway.

Big Jack, Cincinnati.—Tom Paddock fought Bendigo June 5, 1850, and Harry Poulson Sept. 23, 1851.

Littlejohn, St. Louis.—Glad to hear from you. This week, however, our friend "Seneca" is ahead of you.

S. T., Baltimore.—Diamond, the jig dancer, died some years ago.

C. C. R.—Make the calculation yourself, and you have the correct answer to your question.

J. N. C., Nassau Str.—We sit corrected. Omission attended to this week.

Inquirer, Boston.—High Jack, wins; game does not count until the other points have been scored.

A. P.—Poole and Morrissey did not fight a prize fight; it was of the rough and tumble order, and Morrissey was whipped.

Teddy, Brooklyn.—Harry Gribbin is in San Francisco.

Shelly, Chicago.—She was divorced from Mr. Cooke.

Rough Usage.—From New Orleans we have received intelligence that a man named Ellis, proprietor of the "People's Race Course," had been tarred and feathered by a mob of rowdies, because, as they stated, he was "an abolitionist and a Unionist." The man seems to have been very badly used. It appears that a race was in progress at the time, when a couple of ringleaders of the mob ordered Ellis to stop the sport. This he refused to do; for disobeying, he was at once seized, and treated as before mentioned. The principal offenders had been arrested, and were being tried by a military commission at New Orleans. This is one side of the story. The investigation may develope some facts which may give the case an entirely different look. We say we have as yet heard but one side of the question; if this is the true side, then the perpetrators of the outrage will no doubt meet with that punishment which their conduct entitles them to. Some of the proprietors of Southern race courses, or parties interested in them, are disreputable characters, and "professional blacklegs," and lose no opportunity to defraud the unwary patrons of the turf. We have had one or two of the scamps up this way, trying to impose upon the Northern people; but they have been pointed out so unmistakably, that their speculations have entailed losses upon themselves, instead—as they had hoped—of putting money in their pockets at the expense of swindled "mudsills." It is barely possible that Ellis may have been guilty of some offence unknown at the time to the authorities. However, the military commission, we presume, will give us the facts in detail.

A Cooling Draught.—Mr. Spayth has the coolness to make the following statement in a recent number of a contemporary:—"Mr. Drysdale is undoubtedly the champion player of New York city, but Mr. Spayth is the acknowledged draught champion of America." The proof—Mr. Spayth has had the honor of meeting and playing a match of 32 games across the board with Mr. Drysdale, and the following is the score: Drysdale 14, Spayth, 2111 drawn, 16. Splendid play for a champion, to win *two* games out of *thirty-two* played.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

WILL MACE RETAIN THE BELT?

Jem Mace is the possessor of the Champion Belt of England. Tom King aspires to the honor of being the custodian of the trophy. He endeavored once before to wrest it from the possession of Mace, but he was unsuccessful; although it was not without a stout contest that Mace was enabled to beat off his opponent. In fact, on that occasion, Mace held his antagonist too lightly, and did not prepare with his usual care for the battle; the consequence of which was, that King came "within one" of taking the trick. Mace does not mean to throw a chance away this time. He has been working hard to throw off all superfluous flesh and impurities of the system, and it is said that he is in as good condition as it is possible for such men to be in. He is to be assisted in the ring by one, if not both, of Tom Sayers' seconds in the great international fight; so it is asserted.

Tom King, who challenges Mace for the Championship, is a likely young fellow—a young giant, as it were. He commenced his career boldly, and sought the highest game. He has already fought one battle for the championship—with Mace—but had to cry "hold enough," in consequence, it is thought, of not being taken in hand in season, and properly trained for the important event. His efforts, however, even under the most discouraging circumstances, operated greatly in his favor, and made him many friends, even in his defeat. He now enters the arena under better auspices, and is represented as being "fit to fight for a man's life." With two such splendid specimens of manhood confronting each other, it is but natural to look for a spirited and desperate struggle. Mace's tactics—or "strategy," if you please—should be superior to those of King, but what the latter may lack in this arm of the service, may be made up for in the strength of his blows, which are said to be "like a horse kick." The celebrated Jack McDonald, generally admitted to be the best second in all England, had King in charge for his last battle, but too late to prepare him properly; and a week or two before the fight he wrote to us that he did not expect that King could win, as he was not well; but that he would make a good fight; and so the result proved. This time, better things are looked for, although the fact must not be lost sight of, that Mace will prove less vulnerable than he was on the former occasion. If King is as strong as represented, and his blows possess that immense power attributed to them, Mace may possibly get "skeered," and cut it, as he has been known to do before. Although a splendid boxer, and a good card to bet on when he is in the vein, he is not at all times to be trusted. He has mostly been surrounded by persons who will make money, "honestly if they can," but who will make money by other means, if necessary. He may have cut the acquaintance of these gentry since he became champion, but we are not positive that they have cut him in his prosperity.

Efforts are being made to have the affair come off quietly, and without magisterial interference. The precise day had not been publicly announced, but it is thought that the event will have been decided before this reaches the eyes of our readers. Tuesday, November 25, would be the day, it was thought, although the 24th and 26th, had also been named, a fixed date having been avoided, to throw the police off the scent, doubtless. The Clipper expects to have early intelligence of the result.

In a private letter received last week from a well-known trainer in London, we find the following remarks in reference to Mace and King, and other matters:—

Newmarket, Oct. 29, 1862.

Friend Queen—This is Newmarket racing week, and the finish of the racing year. The town has been all alive with the boys on their muscle. Jem Mace and Jem Myers, with their circus, have been here, and had crowds to see them. Jem Myers' speech, however, takes all down but the "donkey show." He says—"When J. C. Heenan heard of the enormous size of the Staleybridge Infant, he applied for the £25 which had been put down, and quit the English shores for America; but Mace met and fought the Infant, and in a short time the little man defeated the big one." So says Jem Myers. *I* think it was a good job for the Infant that Heenan *did* leave, for he would have done the same with him as he will do with Mace should they ever come together.....Mace is hard at work, and looks well in health; although to my mind *he is too fine drawn*, especially when the day of fighting is some time ahead yet. *He looks very little when stripped.* He's as clever as a cat with the gloves, but I do not like him as a champion. If we had any big weight, you may depend the belt would not fit Master Jemmy Mace long ..... The last time I saw King he was looking well, but had not, at that time, gone into training. He was very confident, and spoke of easy victory. He is now training at Woodford, about four miles from my place. I have not been to see him yet. He is a nice, civil young fellow, and I wish him well.....Mace trains at Newmarket, with Jack Hicks.....I have not seen Heenan for some time, but I hear that he is looking well, and making money. The circus he is with, attracts large crowds wherever it appears. He is much respected, and has plenty of friends in England.

Yours, —— ——.

In this connection, we might mention that Joe Coburn has received a letter from Heenan, and that the latter offers to back Joe if Goss will fight in this country. As Goss has already made known his readiness to come over here to meet Coburn, it is probable that there will be a little affair on this side of the "goose pond." Goss being matched with Posh Price, we presume that nothing will be done until that event is decided.

DEMONS IN HUMAN FORM.

The ghouls are still consuming, piece-meal, the remains of the late Gen. Kearney. These monsters in human shape, not satisfied with the injury they have already done to the memory of the once brave Kearney, continue in their work of desecration, and drag from the grave all that is left of the dead, to further some project by which they can destroy the living McClellan. A man in New Jersey has seen proper to publish to the world a letter written by the late Gen. Kearney, and which the latter presumed would be treated confidentially. In trying to injure McClellan, this man has dragged forth the dead Kearney, and the sickening exposure has so disgusted all true friends of the late soldier, as to compel them to show up the resurrectionist in his true character. It having been intimated that other letters written by Gen. Kearney, derogatory to Gen. McClellan, were in the possession of Cortlandt Parker, Esq., of Newark, N. J., (who was the legal adviser and confidential friend of the lamented Kearney), that gentleman thought proper to publish a communication on the subject. It was intimated that Mr. Parker had permitted certain parties to peruse those letters, and that those parties had imparted the information they contained to certain enemies of Gen. McClellan. To this Mr. Parker replies as follows:—

It is true that during General Kearney's life I made no secret of possessing letters from him, discussing, to some extent, the merits of military movements, and that to *some mutual friends, whom I believed I could trust as men of honor*, I "made no secret" of parts of some of them. But I beg leave to say that it is not "to be presumed" that I will at any time "give them to the public." Nobody who knows me will ever so presume.

Mr. Cortlandt Parker has seen his mistake in permitting *such* "men of honor" to peruse his private correspondence. We presume he will never give them another such opportunity. Gen. Kearney had a great objection to seeing himself in print, and disapproved even of having published certain letters containing suggestions that might be of great public utility; he was willing the country should have them, but he did not wish them to come through the press. "If," continues Mr. Parker, "such were my heroic friend's sentiments on the propriety of naming him as the author of abstract military opinions, *with what horror and indignation would he not have regarded the publication of letters containing his opinions respecting individuals, brother officers, imparted to a friend*, with the confidence of a man uttering an inaudible soliloquy!"

What a rebuke to Halstead and those connected with him in the publication of Kearney's private correspondence. General Kearney even cautioned Halstead against making public his letters. On this point, Mr. Parker says:—

"But I have still more pointed testimony as to Gen. Kearney's sentiments on this matter. Knowing his peculiar temperament and his provocations, and having been encouraged by himself to counsel him, I took the liberty of cautioning him, in May, 1862, against talking too freely, and especially writing his opinions as to the war too carelessly and confidingly. Under date of May 27 last, he replies thus:—"I most undoubtedly have not refrained, as a citizen general, from writing several indignant letters to friends. I, however, only remember three letters—one, an informal one, to you; another to Pet Halstead, and this I subsequently requested him to forward to you. I asked him, as representative of many good friends at home, as even a friend of mine, and one who more immediately busied himself at Washington at the time of my appointment, to merely show it to such friends of mine as followed me still with interest. *I cautioned him against letting it get, in any shape, into print;* for I saw no utility in so doing. I subsequently requested him to send it to you, and I would like you to obtain it from him. It is a clear statement of what I wrote to you more hurriedly."

With these sentiments of General Kearney made known to me, I think no one can presume that I will now give to the public a correspondence confided to a friend, expressly intended only for friendly eyes, and whose writer entertained an absolute horror of its getting into print. *My friendship for the dead, for his wishes, now tenfold more sacred for his memory* (and no man's private correspondence could fail to injure him, if published while the persons and topics descanted upon were yet the subjects of public excitement), my sense of justice to him and those of whom he speaks, forbid me such a course.

Were these motives wanting or insufficient, my regard for his widow and family would prevent. The public ought to know—it is but just to Mrs. Kearney and the relatives of the deceased—that they not only disapproved the publication which has taken place, but absolutely, and previously, *in the strongest terms, requested a contrary course.* I am authorized to incorporate in this communication, the following letter, which was delivered into the hands of Mr. Halstead several days, I understand, before the regretted publication:—

Dear Sir—I saw Mrs. Halstead yesterday, as no doubt she has explained to you, *and impressed upon her my urgent request to you that no publication be given to my late husband's letter.* It was addressed to you *in confidence, was never intended for publicity*, and you are aware that the General had requested Mr. Cortlandt Parker to get the letter out of your possession. My husband's relatives are extremely anxious that no further discussion upon the matter should take place, and would deem any publicity of the General's letter a breach of faith on your part. Beside my earnest desire that the letter be no more mentioned, is the fact that at present the publication of the General's strictures against McClellan would be ill-judged, not patriotic. To end this appeal I must say I should deem its refusal an ungentlemanly act. I believe I am correct in considering you incapable of any such. With the full assurance that you will grant my request, believe me yours, sincerely, A. K.

The widow's entreaties, however, were of no avail, and the private and confidential letters of Kearney were published for the purpose of killing off McClellan. Those who were instrumental in their publication are certainly welcome to all the *eclat* they have gained by the operation, at the expense of the memory and reputation of the dead. Poor Kearney—the ghouls have devoured him.

A "BUBBLE BET," OR "PUT-UP JOB."

A curious case has just been brought to light in London, which places a few of the aristocratic turfmen of that place on a par with some of the turf swindlers in this country. The facts, as we find them recorded in the London journals, reveal the mode by which a "bubble bet" was made, the object being to rob a third party of the sum of $500. The conspirators, according to the evidence before us, are Captain Stewart and Colonel Burnaby, both heretofore looked upon as honorable men, and both, we believe, members in good standing of the Jockey club. The victim in the case, is our own countryman, R. Ten Broeck, Esq. We will state the case in as simple a manner as possible. Captain Stewart and Colonel Burnaby are the owners of a race horse called "Palm Oil." Not liking the name, it was proposed to change it, and "Reindeer" was suggested as a substitute. Here commences the difficulty that led to the subsequent questionable transaction. In marking down in his book the new name for the horse, Burnaby spelt it thus: "Raindeer," upon which Stewart chaffed him about his mis-spelling; he, Stewart, claiming that the proper way to spell the word is with an *e*, thus: "Reindeer." Each maintained that his own spelling was the correct mode, and finally a bet of $25 a side was made on it. All seems fair enough, thus far. It must be kept in mind that Stewart bets on spelling the word with an *e*. The day passes, and we are left in the dark as to whether the proper authorities were consulted. The sequel, however, would lead to the supposition that Johnson's dictionary had been referred to. The next day, Captain Stewart, Colonel Burnaby, Mr. Ten Broeck, and a number of other sporting gentlemen, attended certain races, and while on the course, the subject of changing Palm Oil's name was broached. Here, according to our idea of it, is where the practical part of the trickery commences. The conspirators were in apparent doubt as to the proper spelling of the name Reindeer, and appealed to those around them, the majority of whom said the correct way to spell it was with an *e*. This, it will be remembered, was the way Stewart originally bet, with Burnaby, it was spelt. But now, Stewart changes his base; Mr. Ten Broeck offers to lay $100 to $25 that the word is spelt with an *e*. Stewart accepts the odds, and bets that it is spelt with an *a*. Stewart claims that in so betting he "hedged," that is, putting both bets together, his last bet would make him stand as *nothing* to $75. Well, the day passed, and in the evening the parties met at dinner, and the subject again came up, and here's where Mr. Ten Broeck was again victimised. Stewart, who had in the first place stoutly maintained that the *e* was correct, now, once more, insisted that the *a* was correct. Mr. Ten Broeck was so positive that *e* was proper, that he offered to bet Captain Stewart *five hundred dollars to five dollars* that the word was spelt with an *e*. Captain Stewart took the bet, but seems to have made it a condition that Johnson's dictionary should decide it. The club's Johnson was brought, and in it the word was found spelt with an *a*—the only work of the kind, by the way, that so spells it. Subsequently, the Honorable Robert Lawley comes forward, and testifies in writing, it appears, that Captain Stewart told him that the original bet of $25 between Stewart and Burnaby was a "bubble bet," or bogus. Mr. Ten Broeck, before paying the five hundred dollars, waits to ascertain whether the affair was a fair or fraudulent transaction. Testimony, *pro* and *con*, is taken, the different parties making different statements, and the Honorable Mr. Lawley repudiating his former statement. Admiral Rous, Steward of the Jockey Club, makes a statement, and intimates that fraud has been committed. This Captain Stewart and Colonel Burnaby deny, and thus the case stood at last advices, the affair having created much excitement in London, and, in fact, all over England.

From our far-off stand point, the evidence leads us to suppose that Captain Stewart and Colonel Burnaby "put up a job" to make money out of somebody, not Mr. Ten Broeck in particular. These two, being at variance about the spelling of a word, no doubt examined the proper authority before separating; for it was but proper that, in renaming their horse, the spelling of the name should be correct. A bet is made, and this bet, Hon. Mr. Lawley states, was a bubble, or bogus bet, according to the admission of one of the parties. This bogus bet paved the way for future operations. Capt. Stewart, beyond doubt, believes to this moment that the correct spelling of the word is with an *e*, and that is the opinion of 99 out of every 100. But he had, subsequent to the dispute, examined Johnson's dictionary, found the word spelt with an *a*, much to his astonishment, and here offers the chance for a speculation. *Now*, it will be seen, he bets on the *a*, instead of the *e*, as in the "bubble." Ten Broeck, without consulting Johnson, lays very heavy odds on the *e*. In taking that bet, and confining the decision to Johnson, which Stewart, or his friend Burnaby had undoubtedly examined, Captain Stewart, in our opinion, perpetrated a fraud, and when all the facts shall have been developed, we think it will so appear to every unbiassed mind. We do not believe it was intended to entrap Mr. Ten Broeck, especially; but as he was among the first to nibble at the bait, the conspirators hooked him, and got for their smartness, five hundred dollars, but with it an exposure which twenty times five hundred will never efface.

There is one thing about this matter which redounds to the credit of England, and that is the fact that the high position occupied by the suspected parties has not shielded them from exposure. In this respect, justice is more even-handed in England than it is in this country. There, the highest in the land, if he be guilty of crime, has but little better chance of escape than the most obscure creature in the metropolis. Here, influence, place, and money, will protect the gentlemanly swindler, while the friendless offender is hurried to punishment with scarcely the show of a trial. Some of the once most prominent bankers, and others, of England, are now atoning for their crimes, in the far-away penal colonies of Great Britain. Can we say the same of our thieving money-kings, of our Swartwouters, of our political plunderers? No, no; *their* crimes seem to give them an additional passport to the best society, and instead of being called great thieves and robbers, they are merely looked upon as "defaulters," or laboring under some "temporary embarrassment." In the case under notice, the implicated parties are men of rank, moving in the highest circles of society, and heretofore considered among the most honorable on the turf. Their position does not protect them, however, and they are shown up by the mightiest journals in all England. We have many racing men in this country ten times more guilty of fraud than Capt. Stewart and Col. Burnaby. They get up what *they* call race meetings—get a string of horses together, and make "bubble races," and "bubble bets" to match them. We have done our best to show up these "professional blacklegs," and to a certain extent we have been successful in interfering with their nefarious laid plans. Some of the daily journals are very ready to condemn frauds in trotting; but they have very little to say about racing frauds, and yet there are plenty of the latter which are never alluded to. It is probable that a series of "race-meetings" may be attempted next season, in this vicinity, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. If men of character are interested in them we shall give them our support, but if the same old "bubble betters" and "professional blacklegs" are to have anything to do with them, we shall put the public on their guard.

SKATING.

There bids fair to be a perfect *furore* this winter in regard to this sport, the ladies especially having entered into the spirit of it in a manner that is quite encouraging to those who desire to see healthy exercises and out-door recreations more cultivated among the feminine portion of the community than they have been. Of course, where the ladies go, and what they patronize, there the men will congregate, and that they will countenance also. Already, on all sides, have preparations been made for the grand skating carnival that is to mark the season's amusements of the winter of 1862-3.

In order to post our readers up in regard to the various popular localities where this sport can be enjoyed the most, we have been at some pains to ascertain the precise spots where good skating is likely to be obtained this season, and the following is the result of our inquiries. We shall first allude to the free skating ponds, and then to those under private control:

CENTRAL PARK.

The large pond in the Central Park will of course be most frequented of any of those localities to which free access may be had by all. The arrangements this season will be a decided improvement on those of last winter, although there was little to find fault with then; but the lessons experience has taught have not been thrown away, and therefore everything that each season has suggested as an improvement, has been adopted. This year the new pond, at the upper end of the park, will be thrown open to the public, besides which, there is some talk of allowing the new reservoir to be used for skating purposes, as there is but little water in it, not even an average of two feet on a level.

MORRIS CANAL.

The Morris Canal Company, at the request of the citizens of Jersey City, have consented to allow the water to remain in the canal this season, thus allowing the skating fraternity the privilege of having about eight miles' length of skating surface, which will be just the thing for the friends of skill in fast skating.

THE FREE PONDS OF BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn abounds with small ponds, sufficient to accommodate fifty or a hundred persons at a time, the most of these being in the woods of the Gowanus hills. But there are other well-known places, among which is the well-known

POPLAR POND,

situated on 6th avenue, near 1st street; the 5th Avenue and Greenwood cars, from Fulton, Wall and South ferries pass within a block of the place. This pond is the most extensive of the free ponds, and is very prettily located. There is another locality reached by the Fulton avenue cars, known as

ZELLAR'S POND,

which is much frequented, and about half a mile beyond is a much larger sheet of water, called

DUMBLETON'S POND,

which is reached by the Myrtle avenue cars, the conductors of which will put passengers out within a few rods of the place. Adjoining the enclosed pond on 5th Avenue, Brooklyn, are several spaces of water, made by the tide from the canal, but the skating is rather uncertain, as the fall of the tide sometimes breaks up the ice, and a snow storm plays the mischief with the ponds, there being no one to clean them off. Last winter the owners of several of the shanties that have been erected in the vicinity, undertook to clean off the snow two or three times, but they found that it did not pay. When a heavy frost succeeds a good rain storm in winter, then there is always good skating to be had on these free ponds; but otherwise, after the first snow storm that covers them, the skating is seldom good.

THE ENCLOSED PONDS.

We now come to the only places where skating can be enjoyed fully, outside of the Central Park.

First and foremost for the facilities it affords, the society that congregates upon it, and the excellence of its management, the celebrated

UNION POND,

situated on the corner of Marcy Avenue and Rutledge street, among the vacant lots that separate the Eastern and Western Districts of Brooklyn. The Greenpoint cars from Fulton Ferry take you to within a short distance of the pond, and a ride of 5 cents takes you the remainder for two cents. Subscribers have to pay $3 for season tickets, and none others are admitted except friends of the same, who have to pay 25 cents each time they visit the pond. Ladies' tickets are half price.

The next pond in reputation is the

WASHINGTON POND,

on 5th Avenue, the charge for subscription tickets being $5, which also admits two ladies. No friends admitted, none but subscribers having the privilege. This pond is reached directly by the Greenwood cars on 5th Avenue.

THE CAPITOLINE POND

is a new skating locality, situated on Nostrand and Marcy Avenues, near Fulton. This is an enclosed space, covering over two acres, and is especially designed for family use. Subscribers' tickets are $5,00, no friends being admitted, and the tickets are limited. It is reached direct by the Fulton Ave. cars.

THE NASSAU POND.

This is another enclosed pond, located near the Flatbush turnpike road, access to which is had by the Flatbush Avenue cars from Fulton Ferry, fare ten cents. Subscribers' tickets $5, this season, as the pond has been enclosed; last season it was free. Mr. Chichester, who was last season connected with the Union Pond, has taken charge of a place near Cooper Factory, in the Eastern District, which is known as

COOPER'S POND.

The Grand-street cars from the Williamsburgh ferries go near the grounds. We have not yet learned the price of admission.

So much for the Brooklyn ponds. In Jersey, this winter, they are going to have a bully time in skating. At Hoboken, a new pond has been made of thirteen acres in extent, on which the Germans intend holding their winter festivals. This place is called the

SYLVAN LAKE,

and is located near the cricket grounds.

Another locality, on Bergen Heights, has this season been prepared for the especial use of subscribers. It is called

LAKE LINCOLN,

and was a very popular place last winter, the admission fee then being ten cents.

But the *ne plus ultra* of ponds on Manhattan Island, will be the new

FIFTH-AVENUE POND,

which will be under the charge of President Oatman, of the Washington Pond, Brooklyn. The tickets to this place will be $10, as it is designed for the use of the upper ten of the adjoining districts. It will be located on 50th street and 4th avenue, and can be reached by the 3d-avenue cars readily.

The above are the majority of skating ponds that have yet been prepared for use this winter.

The Deerfoot Expose.—In our foreign department will be found another chapter of the Deerfoot, Martin, Jackson, etc., pedestrian swindling, by which it appears that the chief culprit, Martin, has had to "pony up." The judge gives the whole party particular fits. Serves 'em right, will be echoed by all right thinking people. Had the Britishers heeded the warning of the Clipper, however, they would not have been so hugely taken in and done for. The times are not healthy for "plants" on either side of the big fish pond now, as the people are getting gradually illuminated. Bubble bets, ped. swindles, hippodrome racing, and the like, must take a back seat hereafter, and honestly conducted sports take their place. So says public opinion, and so says the organ of the honest portion of the sporting world—the New York Clipper. Who dares say nay?

McClellan in Town.—Gen. McClellan arrived in New York on the 19th, in such a quiet manner that very few persons knew of his presence among us until the next day. On the 20th he was serenaded, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and made a few remarks in acknowledgement of the compliment paid him. He declined a public reception. Gen. McClellan has a large place in the affections of the people of New York.

Ten Broeck Pockets the Dust.—On Saturday, Nov. 1, the last day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Mr. Ten Broeck received a forfeit of 50 sovs. as follows:—Match 150, 50 ft; 8st 9lb each; last half of Ab. M.

Mr. Ten Broeck's Batsman, by Teddington.....received
Mr. Craven's Almack.....paid

Taylor vs. Vance.—A shooting match for $500 between John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Arthur Vance, at Philadelphia, is talked about in sporting circles.

THE COMING STRUGGLE IN VIRGINIA.—It is evident, from the preparations making on both sides, that a desperate contest is about to take place on the sacred soil of Virginia; and it won't do for the Union forces to lose it. The administration *must* win. Gen. McClellan was suspended whilst on the march to meet the foe; his plans were carefully made to circumvent the operations of the enemy, but he was thwarted in his designs by those at Washington, who are presumed to know every move upon the strategic and warlike chessboard. Having removed McClellan at a time when great expectations were placed upon him and his army, it will not do, we say, for the administration to lose the coming fight. Should the Union forces under Burnside sustain a defeat, the country will hold President Lincoln and his advisers to a fearful account; they will attribute the disaster to the removal of McClellan; to his removal at a time when anticipations of a great victory stimulated our troops to a vigorous onward pressure against the enemy's lines, who had already been encountered by our advance, and forced to fly. Under these circumstances, the government must not lose the approaching conflict. Every effort must be put forth to sustain Burnside; men and means must be given him with a lavish hand; not the slightest impediment should be suffered to stand in his way. The fate of Washington, of the Union itself, may hang upon the result of the meeting between the hostile armies now in sight of each other in Virginia. It is now more than two weeks since Gen. McClellan's successor was appointed; in that time our army has not got much nearer to Richmond; in that time, a "change of base" has been deemed necessary; and a new route to Richmond laid out in the programme. It may be all right. We hope it is; but it looks a little strange to adopt tactics now, which the administration condemned when used by McClellan. Let the ball go on, however; the responsibility rests with the administration. If we succeed, all praise will be accorded President Lincoln and his cabinet; if we fail, the questions will arise, Is Lincoln fit for the position he now occupies? Can the present administration keep us from going down? These questions will agitate the North throughout its whole extent of territory; and fortunate shall we be if civil commotions do not follow these questions. But let us be hopeful; let us look forward to the overthrow of the capital of the Old Dominion, the annihilation of its rebellious army, and the restoration of the Union as it was. Forward is said to be the word, once more; our army would prefer to be led on to Richmond by Gen. McClellan, but they are satisfied with Burnside, and under his directions will repeat those deeds of valor which gave such renown to the army of the Potomac in their seven days' battles on the Peninsula.

CRACK CRICKETER.—Mr. E. M. Grace has proven himself the crack cricketer of the age by his truly wonderful performances with both bat and ball during the past season, in England. The figures show for him the best record ever achieved, and not a few matches have been "saved by Grace." Only to think of two innings of 200 and upwards, three of one hundred and upwards, an aggregate score of 2190 runs! and 312 wickets! Goodness Grace-shus! Allowing 20 yards for each run, if his total were one less, he has "locomoted" 24⅞ miles, exclusive of the distance covered in bowling, fielding, and when running for others' hits. We would retire on our laurels if we were him. Many a cricketer would give a fortune, submit to the guillotine, anything, to be able to point to such a table of figures as the following and call 'em "mine." Look at 'em once:—

NAME OF MATCH.	RUNS. First Innings	RUNS. Second Innings	RUNS. Total	WICKETS. First Innings	WICKETS. Second Innings	WICKETS. Total
First 11 vs. 22 of Clifton Club	6	82	88	13	2	15
Ward's 11 vs. Marlboro' College	18	—	18	5	–	5
Rackwell vs. Bedminster	6	3	9	–	5	5
Rackwell vs. Frenchay	6	—	6	5	6	11
Clifton vs. Cheltenham College	33	—	33	1	–	1
Cheltenham College vs. Clifton	5	—	5	5	–	5
Adye's 11 vs. Swindon	55	—	55	6	7	13
New vs Old Members of Clifton Club	6	92	98	6	5	11
I Zingari vs. Cirencester	8	0	8	5	–	5
West Gloucestershire vs. Lansdown	27	–	27	4	–	4
Gloucestershire vs. Devonshire	57	–	57	6	7	13
Radcliff vs. Bedminster	92	–	92	3	–	3
Gentlemen vs. Players under 30	25	7	32	–	1	1
Gentlemen of South and North	7	3	10	3	1	4
South Wales Club vs. Surrey Club	7	25	32	6	5	11
South Wales Club vs. Marylebone Club	0	118	118	4	6	10
Nicholson's 11 vs. Wotton Park	74	—	74	–	–	–
South Wales vs. Gentlemen of Kent	5	62	67	4	1	5
South Wales vs. I Zingari	26	5	31	–	3	3
Messenger's 11 vs. Frenchay	42	–	42	6	7	13
22 of Corsham vs. 11 of W. Gloucesters.	17	16	33	8	13	21
Knole Park vs. Frenchay	208*	—	208	6	3	9
England vs. 14 of Kent	0	56	56	–	0	0
Marylebone Club vs Gent'men of Kent	192*	—	192	5	10	15
United Eleven vs. 22 of Cirencester	5	—	5	4	–	4
11 of Clifton Club vs. Messenger's 22	87	—	87	11	13	24
Gloucestershire vs. Devonshire	9	22	31	4	7	11
Frenchay vs. Abbot's Leigh	1	34	35	5	–	5
Pullen's 11 vs. Bedminster	1	9	10	7	6	13
Bedminster vs. Pullen's 11	25	0	25	6	6	12
Royal Agricl't Col. vs. Marlboro' Coll.	0	59	59	6	5	11
Winslow's 11 vs. Sainbury's 11	8	31	39	6	–	6
Clifton vs 16 of New College	42	—	42	11	10	21
Clifton vs 16 Past & Pres't Gram, Sch'l.	241	—	241	9	—	9
A.E.E. vs. 22 of Godalming District	8	40	48	5	1	6
Lansdown vs. Bedminster	42	135	177	6	1	7
Grand totals	1391	799	2190	181	131	312

*Not out.

THANKSGIVING.—Thursday of this week is the day set apart by the powers that be, for the usual thanksgiving. We would that it could be indulged in as such by every man, woman, and child in the land; but, alas! we fear that many a family circle will have its vacant chair, while many a table will not be garnished by the accustomed turkey. We pen this thought for the purpose of calling the attention of those who have enough and to spare, to the fact that they can supply the deficiency in both cases, by a friendly call with a well-laden basket. The citizens of this country never had a more golden opportunity to act the good Samaritan's part, and we feel assured it will not be lost. Remember the poor sick soldiers and their families. Let them have real occasion to give thanks.

SPORTS ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—This is generally considered the closing day for base ball, and a great number of games are usually played. The weather of late, has tended to knock spots out of the ground, but as it is now dry, and a nipping and eager air prevails, we see no reason, if it continues, why the boys should not knock spots out of the ball. On the contrary, we go in for it, we do, and in the words of the poet, say, "Let her rip!"

MUSCLE IN DEMAND.—From England we learn that a new Bishop has been found for the Central Africa Mission. The principal qualification of the new Bishop is his "great physical strength." The idea is a good one. If the heathen won't listen to the truth in a calm and patriotic manner, the new missionary can knock them down, and *beat* it into them. The world *does* move, after all.

HEAR! HEAR!—It is stated that the Hon. Robert Lawley, who, by his own evidence, is guilty of a deliberate falsehood in the matter of the "bubble bet," referred to elsewhere, is a brother of Frank Lawley, the lying Richmond correspondent of the London *Times*. A hopeful pair.

PIGEON SHOOT.—NEW YORK VERSUS PHILADELPHIA.—On the 20th inst., a trial of trap shooting took place at Trenton, N. J., between John Taylor and William Seeds, the former representing New York, and the latter Philadelphia; but both, we believe, residing in New Jersey. They shot at 25 pigeons each, at 21 yds. rise, 80 bounds. The stake was $100 a side. The Jersey Boy exhibited some splendid shooting, killing 22 birds out of 25; Taylor killed 19 out of 25. The stakes were handed over to the Philadelphia representative.

AN ANCIENT BIRD.—A sportsman in the neighborhood of the wood of Clairmarais, France, shot recently an unusually large raven, having around one of his legs a small iron ring, on which was engraved the words, "Born at Courtray, in 1772." This fact is a confirmation of the opinion of certain naturalists that ravens live for a century and upward.

TROT AT NEW BEDFORD.—On Thursday, Nov. 20, there was an interesting little race on the Point Road, New Bedford, Mass., between Mr. Cunningham's Swipes and Obed Chase's Rose, mile heats, best three in five, to saddle. It was won by Swipes in three straight heats.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort.
10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

HOP LITE LOO!—A party representing himself as Johnny Morris, of Boston, was in town last week looking for fight, with fair prospects of getting something to do. We've not seen the individual, but if he's not the original, the Boston Johnny will doubtless let us know right off. It is rather singular what a number of coves have been palming themselves off for stars lately. Since our timely exposure, nothing further has been heard of the bogus Joe Nolan or Bill Benjamin. It is to the interest of the sporting community to see these fellows headed off before going too far.

LIFE IN HOUSTON-STREET.—One of these days we intend giving a sketch of all the sporting houses and gay places in Houston-street, between Mercer and the Bowery. It's a lively neighborhood, this, and if there isn't something to write about, we wouldn't say so. It will be given just as we find the different "houses of call"—whether good, bad, or indifferent.

ON THE CARPET.—It is expected an early morning meeting will be got off some time this week, between Drumgoole and Brown, for a purse. Brown has lately arrived from the old country, and is now stopping in the Fourth ward, and wants to try his luck here. "A fair field and no favor."

YOUNG DORSEY HEARD FROM—HE CHALLENGES GRADY.—Our inquiry after this youngster has had the desired effect, and we give the substance of his card:

"OWEGO, Nov. 20th, EDITOR CLIPPER: I see in last week's paper that Young Grady is anxious for a fight. I saw him at Flory Macarty's a week before leaving New York, and wanted to make a match with him then, but he declined until he had been on shore for a few months, having just come from sea. Now that he is anxious for a fight, I will accommodate him for the sum of two or five hundred dollars, as my backers here would as lieve back me for five hundred as for one, and I am willing to meet him for any amount over two hundred; it wouldn't pay me to leave business for less than that sum. An answer from Grady, with a deposit of fifty dollars left at your office, will be immediately covered, for there is nothing that would please me better than to have another 'go' in the prize ring.

Your obedient servant, M. DORSEY."

JEMMY ELLIOTT VS. FITZ OF PROVIDENCE.—One hundred dollars has been forwarded from Boston to a sporting gentleman of this city, to match Elliott at 150 lbs. against Fitz, but the latter boxer, for urgent reasons, informs us that at present a match is out of the question on his part. In a few months, however, he may accommodate Jemmy. Fitz' fighting weight, we believe, is but 140 lbs. Things, therefore, remain *in statu quo*. Who else wants to fight?

ALMOST A MUSS.—On Tuesday afternoon, so the story goes, while Marcus Cicero Stanley was gulping bivalves in Crook & Duff's restaurant (the headquarters of political office seekers and office holders) Andy Sheehan took a shot at him with a tumbler, but missed. M. C. S. stigmatized Andy as a coward, when the latter pulled out his six-shooter and challenged Cicero on the spot. Stanley, having no pistol, asked if any gentleman could loan him one for the occasion, but there was no response. Sheehan then went away, and Stanley proceeded to discuss his oysters as if nothing had transpired to ruffle his equanimity. The difficulty between these celebrities is said to have been Andy's instrumentality in getting Marcus sent to Fort Lafayette. There's fun ahead, and this eating saloon is getting quite a notoriety in the sporting world.

DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL.—By a letter from Captain Harry Lazarus, we perceive he has been dished out of his suttership. Little Mac's removal has created a complete revolution in the army, and the number of officers resigned in the regiment where all Harry's hopes were centered, has changed everything and everybody's prospects. The gentlemanly little Zoo-Zoo Captain isn't half discouraged yet, though—he threatens to stay around Washington until something really turns up. May that be "before soon."

YANKEE SULLIVAN.—It has long been a "desideratum" to get hold of a good likeness of that gay humming-bird, poor Jim Sullivan. We can now say "Eureka!" for Mr. William Clarke has just received a large-size photograph, *taken from life*, in California, and everybody can see for themselves "what manner of man he was." If we mistake not, this is the only real portrait of Yankee Sullivan in existence—it was sent to Clarke from California, and couldn't be bought for a bushel of old stamps. As Mr. James C. Pope—the young author of our slashing story, the "Pugilists and Fireman"—has this week introduced Yankee Sullivan in a striking character, it will revive old recollections and drive all rounders to the Gem for a peep at the little hero.

A BRAVE PUGILIST UP FOR OFFICE.—Captain Michael Norton, we perceive, is up for Alderman of the Fifth Ward. Well, why not? "Crow" would make as good a man for the place as any other man—perhaps a trifle better—and we should like to see him elected. It isn't over half a century since John Gully became a member of the British Parliament, and within our own recollection Tom Hyer was spoken of as running for Congress. Mike Norton was a captain in Colonel Kerrigan's regiment, and has been instrumental in recruiting hundreds of men for the Irish Brigade. The sports and soldiers will rally to the support of "Crow Norton."

SHORT AND DECISIVE FIGHT IN BOSTON BETWEEN JEMMY ELLIOT AND BIG BAILEY.—On the 16th inst. a match was made on the spur of the moment, for Big Bailey, *alias* "Shoemaker," and Jemmy Elliott, the Sixth Ward Pet, to contend for a quarter of a century. Accompanied by a few friends, they drove a short distance out of town, and fooled away no time in getting under way. Jimmy Carroll seconded Elliott, Bill Evans (English Bill") doing the same for Bailey. After four rounds of one-sided fighting, the New Yorker won without a mark. A correspondent says: "Elliott won the fight in four rounds, completely knocking Bailey out of time—or, in other words, licked him like breaking sticks. Not a scratch on Elliott, but Bailey severely bruised about the body and neck." Bailey, it will be remembered, has sparred with Joe Coburn, and ought to know a thing or two. Elliott promises to become a second Benicia Boy in a few years. We expect lively times this winter—the boys are getting stirred up again—the ball is started in earnest now, and "things is workin." Ten to one there's another fight before our next paper is issued.

WILL GOSS COME OVER TO FIGHT COBURN?—John C. Heenan's letter to Joe Coburn, announced as having been received by us last week, contained several important points. In the first place, John expresses his firm determination *not to fight again in England* under any circumstances, but whether he bars other countries is another question. We are inclined to believe that if King comes off victor, the Britishers will do everything in their power to get the two young giants together, and if they can scrape up £2000, with the fight to come off in some part of Ireland, the Boy may possibly be induced to do battle once more, in order to silence the multitude and pocket the stakes.

In the second clause, John C, offers to back Coburn for almost any amount, providing Goss will fight in Canada, and really we don't see what objections he can have to this. Goss stated he was willing to take or give expenses, and fight in either country. The English sporting press is all alive to the prospects of another sensation battle, and there's considerable chaff going on there. The *Illustrated Sporting News* of Nov. 8, has the following from one of Goss's backers: "Seeing in your *News* of the 1st that Coburn will fight Goss on his own terms, will you please tell me when and where Coburn has staked the money you speak of, because Posh Price, of Birmingham, *will not prevent Goss from making a match with him, as Joe is anxious for a match.*" In the editorial comments on the above, the *News* also makes inquiry concerning the money staked by Coburn. In reply to this, we can only say that Joe called on us and stated he had put up $250 for Goss's expenses here and $50 as a first deposit, in the hands of a certain party, and that the receipt of it was acknowledged. More than this we don't know. When Goss follows suit, things will look business like, but not till then.

HEY, LAD!—There seems to be no end of fraternization among the sports—they are flocking in town from all directions. The "latest arrival" was Ned Workman *alias* Lad, from Buffalo, at present stopping at the Hotel de Irish, Centre street. Somehow they have got him mixed up with Kingston George: he's a horse of quite another color. They are both trumps and "some on the muscle." New York must be considered pretty lively to induce all these roosters to come on for fun.

ONE OF YE ANCIENT SPORTS.—In our peregrinations about town the other night, we tumbled across Tommy Houston, of the Josh Ward Saloon, corner of Bond street and Bowery. This rooster, in his day, was a "lightnin' wrastler" and a dusty boy in a free fight. He's an old chum of Chris. Lilly, Yankee Sullivan, Tom McCoy, and all "thim fellers." Tommy's ranche is a high old place for fun, "I'll bet yer," as Bill Dowling would have it—if you don't believe it, ask Dick Risdon, Esq., or High Pecoon Glenn, ("Bush," of Albany) they can tell. Pooty boy, with a mustache! All Tommy's visitors wear their hair curled—in a pig's listener—and swear by the CLIPPER. That's what's the matter!

DEATH OF BARNEY FORD.—We are sorry to learn that this clever boxer was fatally stabbed in a fight with his brother-in-law, Mike Sullivan. The affray occurred in North street, Boston, where Sullivan was tending bar for Ford. Barney fought Ed. Price in a room at the "Flat Iron" a porter house adjoining the National Theatre, and several men in the old country. Though a rough sort of fellow, he was greatly esteemed by all for his generosity and kind-heartedness. We may learn more in time for our next paper.

BILLIARDS.

BIG BILLIARDS.—An impromptu billiard match, of 1,200 points up, for a moderate amount of money, was played at the saloon of Victor Estephe, corner of Eighth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on the 17th inst., between himself and Goldthwaite, the champion player of Boston, Mass., on a carom table, Chris. Bird being elected referee. The match was brought about through James Turner, of turf celebrity, who took Goldthwaite on to lay out one of the billiard sharps of the Quaker City, but that individual being *non est inventus*, the match (the conditions of which are above given), was substituted, and though of an impromptu sort, was well played, notwithstanding it was "like the handle of a pitcher" in its result. Good execution was shown by both, particularly by the Boston Boy, who went off in a canter from the word "go," and in addition to good average play, sandwiched in his centuries occasionally, to the evident discomfiture of Estephé, who, from nervousness, or some other cause, played considerably below his standard. As will be seen by the appended table of counts, Goldthwaite led all through, and finally arrived at the "jumping off place" 435 points ahead. Goldthwaite's backer talked like an auctioneer, to get bets on during the progress of the game, offering all sorts of odds, but nobody "called his hand," so that but little was won or lost except the main stake. Goldthwaite's average,-20⅝,-ranks high, indeed, and may emphatically be termed "big billiards," more particularly when it is taken into consideration that it was played on a carom table, and that by mutual agreement, when the two object balls got locked in a corner they were spotted. Estephe's average of 13 was not bad by any means, and although Victor was not victor this time, he deserved to be. At the conclusion of this *partie*, as our chess friends almost invariably designate their sets-to, more or less "chin music" was practiced over, in relation to several proposed matches, but nothing came of it. Goldthwaite is fast taking his degrees in the *cue*-rious art, and no one need be surprised if he should one day earn the title of D. B.,—not Dead Beat—but Doctor of Billiards. It's in him, we think, and what's in must come out, you know. However, we'll wind up on the prognosticate, and trot out the figures. "Here they be:"—

GOLDTHWAITE. Shot.	Count.	Total.	ESTEPHE. Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITE. Shot.	Count.	Total.	ESTEPHE. Count.	Total.
1..	5....	5	2....	2	31..	12....	712	21....	443
2..	36....	41	15....	17	32..	0....	712	0....	443
3..	4....	45	0....	17	33..	0....	712	9....	452
4..	64....	109	2....	19	34..	9....	721	15....	467
5..	17....	126	10....	29	35..	2....	723	0....	467
6.	182....	308	0....	29	36..	10....	733	0....	467
7..	70....	378	2....	31	37..	9....	742	2....	469
8..	3....	381	92....	123	38..	0....	742	0....	469
9..	5....	386	10....	133	39..	0....	742	35....	504
10..	3....	389	42....	175	40..	34....	776	15....	519
11..	17....	406	5....	180	41..	7....	783	0....	519
12..	4....	410	0....	180	42..	49....	832	7....	526
13..	3....	413	51....	231	43..	47....	879	8....	534
14..	35....	448	14....	245	44..	0....	879	2....	536
15..	0....	448	29....	274	45..	0....	879	5....	541
16..	0....	448	19....	293	46..	0....	879	35....	576
17..	2....	450	19....	312	47..	22....	901	0....	576
18..	33....	483	2....	314	48..	5....	906	22....	598
19..	16....	499	10....	324	49..	0....	906	28....	626
20..	14....	513	9....	333	50..	4....	910	18....	644
21.	140....	653	5....	338	51..	0....	910	0....	644
22..	0....	653	14....	352	52..	0....	910	4....	648
23..	0....	653	8....	360	53..	0....	910	53....	701
24..	26....	679	3....	363	54..	35....	945	0....	701
25..	0....	680	7....	370	55..	80....	1025	0....	701
26..	0....	680	9....	379	56..	92....	1117	41....	742
27..	7....	687	0....	379	57..	2....	1119	21....	763
28..	11....	698	26....	405	58..	79....	1198	0....	763
29..	0....	698	17....	422	59..	2....	1200	2....	765
30..	2....	700	0....	422					

OFF FOR CUBA.—Dudley Kavanagh, the famous young billiard player of this city, has it in contemplation, we believe, to take a trip to Cuba, on business and pleasure. Our Spanish friends of that "Sea Girt Isle" will have to keep one eye open, at least, or else he will take Cuba with a cue, and no bah about it. Whether Kavanagh will re-issue his challenge to the crack "chalkers" of the U. S. before his departure, or on his return, is not yet decided upon;-but that it eventually will be fired off is fully expected. We shall see what we shall see in due time.

"CHALK'S RIZ," and so has everything else in connection with billiards, except gas; but like true patriots, the saloon keepers don't charge any more for playing. We hope the public will appreciate their generosity, and keep the balls going, so as to help them pay that V tax.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 263.

MUSIC HALLS.

Mohawk, writing from Detroit on the 13th, says:—Boyce and Purdy's Minstrels opened here on the 15th for a few nights. The troupe is a "strong team," the vocal and instrumental music is of a superior quality, and the delineation of negro character excellent. One of the features of the entertainment is the introduction of the Infant Prodigies Masters Wally and Tommy. The "hinfants" are small, but "prodigious" on the act. S. C. Brimmer, formerly of the Varieties here, is "all along with 'em," and never fails to bring down the house with his "saucy nigger, etc.," banjo solo. The oddities of Boyce and Purdy in their farce of the "African Court Scene" are "hugely funny. Mr. Orpen renders his ballads in a very pleasing and effective style, gaining much applause.....Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe are giving entertainments through the Canadas; were last at London, C. W., and are expected here shortly..... Miss Eva Brent has closed her engagement here. She sang at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo, one week, and is now in Philadelphia. She has many friends here who hope to see her smiling face and hear her sweet songs again before "many moons have waned."Miss Dora Dawron sang for one week at the Varieties here, and has now gone to Chicago. Mons. Auguste Siegrist, M'lle Rosa Siegrist, Masters Siegrist, and the trick dog Madame Lager, (a native of this city) opened at the Varieties on the 17th. .....At Beller's, "biz." is quite fair, in spite of the strong attractions elsewhere. Miss Julia Dawron (vocalist) and Frank Wyant, the prince of banjo players, are new and good. M'lle Flora is a very graceful and pleasing danseuse. Johnny Boyd in his champion jig dance is lively as a cricket, and puts down "them gunboats" of his "right strong." Master and Miss Farrand are excellent in their double dances. Miss Laura Le Claire is very good in all she does; she is gifted with much versatility. Miss Hannah Birch gives us a good representation of old Ireland in her double dance with M'lle Flora.....At the Varieties it is of course the old, strong, tip-top, can't be beat company. House crowded with delighted audiences, and ye heart of ye worthy manager is made exceedingly glad thereof.

Clara (no relation to Picayune) Butler, has left Manager Esher's Bowery in St Louis, and is now with Manager Deagle at the Varieties. Nothing like variety.

Hall managers or minstrel companies would do well to examine the advertisement of Master Willie Blanchard, in another column. Some Ethiopian comedian would find Willie an important auxiliary.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, has had a good run of biz. with Katy O'Neill, who closed there on Saturday night and went to Philadelphia. Two sisters, named Augusta and Maria, danced at the Varieties, for the first time, on the 17th. The bills say they are from Laura Keene's Theatre. On the same night, two brothers, who call themselves Rollande, began a series of zatanodynamicalexercitations, if any of our readers can tell what that is. They have been propelling ever since. Hugh Dougherty is a great favorite among the Trimbleites. The first sight of his comical "mug" hardly ever fails to "bring down the house."

Lea's New York Melodeon, in Baltimore, begins to rank among the most popular places in that city. The proprietors are engaging "all the New York folks," in the way of artistic excellence, that they can procure by enterprise and liberality. See their advertisement. Baltimore folks like to meet "the New York folks" at the sign of "the big gas light." The company already engaged has many first-class artists, and additions are constantly increasing it so as to equal any in the country. To see Johnny Mulligan and Johnny Pierce "do up" their Heenan and Sayers biz. is alone worth the price of admission. The general management of the institution is praiseworthy, and now highly successful.

A disturbance took place at Wray's Varieties (late Kossuth's Saloon), Seventh street below Market, Philadelphia, on Friday night, 14th inst,, which resulted in the death of Sergeant Uriah Reazer. It appears that Reazer and two or three other soldiers, in passing the Varieties, thought it advisable to look in, to see if there was a deserter present, one whom they had been hunting for. They were going in without paying, when they were stopped by the doorkeeper, Conrad Esher. A dispute occurred, and Reazer offered to pay, but the others refused to permit him. William Fleming, the officer of the house, approached the parties, and, it is alleged, dragged the deceased and another out of the saloon; others came to the assistance of the officer, and the soldiers were so badly beaten, that Reazer died from the effects of his injuries the following morning, being found dead in the house where he resided. William Fleming, Conrad Esher, and William Chambers, the latter stage manager of the Varieties, were arrested to await the result of the Coroner's investigation. The inquest was closed on the 18th, the jury finding that Reazer came to his death from injuries received during a riot, and that Wm. Fleming was present, aiding and assisting in said riot. Esher and Chambers were discharged, and Fleming held to answer. Deceased was a member of the 82d Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers. He had been engaged in a number of battles, and was admired alike for his courage in battle, kind disposition, and unobtrusive manners in private life. He was a single man. The Varieties is located in the basement of the old "Kossuth." Deceased was interred in Monument Cemetery, on the 18th.

The St. Louis Varieties, according to the statement of "Seneca," has been, during the past week, crowded nightly, and the interest in "Putnam, the Hero of 1776," has not flagged a particle. It will be repeated during the entire present week, and will continue to draw, too, for it has everything done for it that could be, in all respects, of acting, scenery, costumes, and properties. The company is very strong, as may be seen from the advertisement in your columns; and the programme contains a variety to suit any and every taste. In the ballet, Ada Laurent, Fanny Thompson, and Mlle. Juliette, are the leading dancers, who, with a strong troupe under the lead of Signor Constantine make a leading feature of the entertainment. Those "Sons of Momus," Billy Reeve, Tom Jefferson, and Nick Foster, draw down shouts of applause. Celia Morley, and the fair Clara Butler, are the singers of sweet strains, while the Conklins, Tom Cony, and Leslie May, do the daring muscular. There are too many "good 'uns" in the company to speak of all at once, so I leave to a future time, particular mention of some of the rest. I append herewith the St. Louis *Democrat's* report of a wager and its result:—

"The shades of night were coming fast,
As through the streets a coal team passed;
A band before was playing nice,
Constantine followed, cool as ice."

"Much wonder and commotion were yesterday afternoon excited by the gay and festive appearance, in Market, Fourth, and other principal streets, of a load of coal, preceded by a band of music, decorated with two national flags, and followed by a party bearing two banners with queer devices. The coal cart finally stopped at Fifth and Chestnut-street hospital, where one of the company, evidently quite unused to rough toil, commenced shovelling the fuel into the coal vault of that institution, and prosecuted the task to the close, to the great enjoyment of the crowd of spectators. The explanation of the affair is as follows: Prior to the late election, Messrs. Cony, Berry, and Constantine, of the Varieties Theatre, decided to make a bet. The names of Knox, Blair, and Bogy, were put into the hat, and it was agreed that the one drawing the name of the candidate who should get the least number of votes, would buy a load of coal, donate it to the hospital above named, and himself 'shovel it in.' Mr. Constantine, ballet-master by profession, drew the slip of paper made illustrious by the name 'Bogy.' Bogy proving the last man in the race, Constantine yesterday fulfilled his part of the agreement in the merry and patriotic style indicated. One of the banners above referred to, bore the words 'The Bogy Bet,' and the other a picture of a spade and pickaxe, with the sentiment, 'Bully for Constantine.' The ballet master, with spade in hand, followed the coal cart in its tour to the hospital.".....Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels played during four nights of last (their second) week, and then departed for Cincinnati.....The Holman Troupe have been doing a splendid business at the Museum, and remain during the present week, to the great delight of all the little folks. ....."The Quincy Old Folks" give a concert to-night, and to-morrow night, at Library Hall; "the entire proceeds for the benefit of wounded soldiers." They are heralded by many good reports, and that, combined with "the course," will no doubt pack the hall.....The Bowery is still in process of re-construction, and the Melodeon is doing as well as when I wrote last.

Miss Kathleen O'Neil had a big welcome at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, last week; and Dick Sands, the clog dancer, also came in for a large share of applause. Katy O'Neil has had a new song written for her by Mr. R. O'Neil. The subject is "McClellan's Farewell to his Army." We give a couple of verses which relate to McClellan's advice to his men to stand by Burnside as they have stood by him. Here they are; but you should hear Kathleen sing them at Fox's Casino:—

"God bless you, noble, gallant man,
I bid you all farewell—
And though the anguish I may feel
May cause your hearts to swell,
Remember these, my parting words,
Addressed alone to thee:—
'Go onward, boys, and stand by him
As you have stood by me.'

"'Tis not the time for idle words,
Nor yet for party strife;
The safety of our Union is
The study of my life.
And recollect, my soldiers brave,
My parting words to thee
Are, 'Onward, boys! and stand by him
As you have stood by me.'"

Lew Benedict took his first ben. at the Toledo Opera House, on the 20th, and it was the biggest thing yet of the season, now in its thirty-fourth week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hutchinson Family have been "sent arter" to repeat their performance of the 10th Nov. on the 1st Dec., at Florence, Mass. The "tribe of John" seem in demand.

The Rollande Brothers, Guillaume and Henri, are in the market on the subject of gymnastic dexterity, and give their patrons a spell of vocal dexterity while pronouncing one of the long words in their advertisement, which see on our sixth page. They certainly appear to deserve their title of "gifted and accomplished gymnasts."

"Now and Then" gets off the following hard hit at somebody in writing from Pittsburgh on the 19th:—A museum of wax figures opened at Masonic Hall lately, with an admission fee of 10 and 15 cents. So far the proprietors have not had an overplus of business. A mistake has been made by keeping the opening from the public, in not publishing the fact extensively. Many of our citizens are not aware that the show is in our midst. Perhaps, in the course of time, the managers will wake up and find out "what's the matter."

We have received two excellent card photographs of Prof. J. H. Siddons and his daughter Fanny.

The Carter Zouave Sisters have had a fine tour in Illinois. At present they are in Indianapolis, where Manager Carter now wishes to obtain a fresh leading violinist. See his advertisement. A good berth for some good fellow. We think it likely that the Carter Zouaves will soon cart themselves along this way, and then we shall see how much those charming Sisters have improved. J. Heneage Carter is quite a manager, in every sense, and reports having cleared, while lately in Keokuk, Iowa, $175 in one week, which certainly must have been not bad to take, such times as these, and with so select and cosy a little family party. Who wants to be "first fid" for them?

Charley Hibbard is confined by illness to his room at the Hibbard House, Jackson, Mich. Frank Sharpstein and a few friends are with him.

CIRCUSES.

This week, an amphitheatre, for circus performances, is to be opened in Philadelphia by Messrs. Gardner and Hemmings. The place selected is the building formerly known as National Hall, in Market street above Twelfth. The place has been fitted up at some expense, and will be thrown open to the public this evening, Monday, Nov. 24th. The prices of admission range from 15 cents to 50 cents. Dan Gardner will do the clown business, and introduce his celebrated mules.

Charley De Vere, well known in circus circles, is "leaping for life," at the Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia.

J. W. Ward, another circus celebrity, is performing on the "cloud swing," at Fox's Casino, in Philadelphia. The music halls will, no doubt, employ many circus people during the coming winter. Mr. Fox, of the Casino, and Mr. Wolf, of the Continental, the two principal managers in Philadelphia, are always ready to engage whatever good talent may offer.

Mons. Guilbault's Garden, Montreal, is very successfully occupied now by a a first class equestrian company. Tom R. Toole is the manager, and Felix Carlo the equestrian director.

Franklin, with his circus, had been at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope. Mr. J. H. Melvyn, with the Christy Minstrels, in a letter to the CLIPPER, bearing date Cape Town, Sept. 17, says:—"Franklin has been here with his circus, but did not meet with extraordinary business. Among his company are Steve Ethair, Miss Stephens, and Jean Johnson. Poor Jean is fast destroying himself. That fatal rock, drink, that has ruined so many professionals, is fast dashing in the hull of Jean's constitution..... Mons. Olivere came here from Calcutta, with a French circus, but was obliged to proceed up the country with his troupe, as that style of entertainment is now getting stale out here. In fact, all through the colonies the circus business is nearly played out. They have been surfeited with it lately."

From South America we have received glowing accounts of the success of Spalding & Rogers's Ocean Circus. In Rio Janeiro they had splendid business, and every courtesy was extended to the troupe. We hear that nearly $20,000 had already been remitted to New York, the profits of the concern since they had commenced performing. At last accounts they were on board of a ship, on their way to Bahia, if we remember the name of the place correctly, for we have not the letter by us. The company all seems pleased with the reception they have met with, and everybody and everything was working harmoniously.

AMATEUR.

BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This old Thespian schoo gave a performance of "Othello," at Dramatic Hall, on the 19th inst., with Mr. J. B. Ward as the jealous Moor, supported by Mr. J. B. Sherman as Iago, and Mr. C. Wallace as Cassio. Of the three, Sherman was the most successful as an actor, his Iago being well conceived and artistically executed, while Ward's Othello was too tame and insipid. The Misses Louise Hawthorne and Rose Bonner, the former as Desdemona and the latter as Emilia, were unequal to the parts, and lacked sufficient spirit to rouse any enthusiasm among the audience, in their favor. These ladies possess the qualifications that combine to make good actresses, and aware of the fact, we are semi-suspicious that they are careless, and expend but a moiety of their time in study. "The Rough Diamond" terminated the show The Burton boys are arranging preliminaries to "get off" their 13th annual ball, of which due notice will be given.

NATIONAL

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EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

BRITISH TURFITES IN A SNARL.

TWO PLUCK ONE, TEN BROECK THE VICTIM.

By advices from England per steamer Persia, it appears that our turfites are not the only ones who are guilty of sharp practice to replenish their exchequers; for a case was being discussed through the papers involving the character for veracity, etc., of several prominent members of the Jockey Club. From the many, and varied statements, "cards," etc., the whole thing is considerably mixed up, and about "as clear as mud," but the following quotations will probably elucidate the subject sufficiently for our readers to "get an idea." The London *Times* of Nov. 7, says:—

"The character of the wager between Captain Randolph Stewart and Mr. Ten Broeck is still discussed with more vivacity in our clubs *and social circles* than any question of politics, *whether foreign or domestic.* No wonder. It is startling enough to find that the tricks of hungry sharpers are even suspected to be stealing upwards into societies which pride themselves upon being composed of men of honor. It is shocking to imagine that men with great names and lofty connections, occupying the most conspicuous positions, and holding high rank in our army, can be slurred with the suspicion *of confederating together to cheat a companion out of a hundred pounds.* Even that such a thing should be thought possible is a very unpleasant fact. But that evidence should exist which renders such a suspicion not only not impossible, but also not quite improbable, is enough to make us all turn with curiosity to the revelations which so many are anxious to make, and to the statements, all more or less unsatisfactory, which all the parties implicated are now putting forward.

The statement of Admiral Rous, which we published yesterday, has been now supplemented by other statements from the Hon. Randolph Stewart, from the Hon. Robert Lawley, from the Hon. Arthur Annesley, and from Lieutenant Colonel Burnaby. Colonel Burnaby and Captain Stewart, it will be remembered, were the original wagerers upon the spelling of the now celebrated word "Reindeer;" Captain Stewart having originally betted Colonel Burnaby an oven £5—or "fiver," as he is pleased to call it—that Reindeer was spelt with an "e," and having afterwards bet Mr. Ten Broeck £1 to £100 that it was spelt with an "a." Captain Annesley only comes into this affair as a witness to testify that in the Tarragona case, Admiral Rous had expressed his "abhorrence" of Colonel Burnaby; *and Mr. Lawley is also a witness, who comes to repudiate his own formal testimony previously given, and to say that it was given under dictation and contrary to his real belief.* The object of Captain Stewart is to show that he did not conspire with Colonel Burnaby to cheat Mr. Ten Broeck, and that he never admitted that he had so conspired. The object of Colonel Burnaby is the same. Mr. Lawley desires to say that when he testified in writing that he had heard Captain Stewart admit that his bet with Colonel Burnaby *was a bubble bet, he only did so because Admiral Rous insisted upon it, and did so contrary to the remonstrance of Mrs. Lawley, who was present at the conversation.*

It is a very strange story. In the first place it is evident that none of the parties have told the *whole truth* about the bet. Captain Stewart, in his letter from Colonel Burnaby, dated from Galloway House, affects to tell the whole history as he told it to Admiral Rous. "I told him the whole history, as follows:—That the day previous, we were talking about renaming our horse, not liking the name Palm Oil, and finally settled to call it Raindeer; that you wrote it down as I have spelled it, and I chaffed you about it, when you bet me a fiver that it was correct. The next day, on going to the races, there was some mention made of our horse, when I mentioned the change of name, and you appealed to Jauncey whether you were not right in spelling it that way; he disagreed, and Ten Broeck also took up the matter; that Jauncey bet you even, and that Ten Broeck said he would lay 20 to 5; that I appealed to Thellusson, who was sitting next me, whether I ought not to hedge and stand 15 to 0. I did so.

In the evening the conversation was again renewed at dinner, and everybody chaffed you and offered to take bets about it, which you took, feeling certain you were right. That Ten Broeck then said he would lay me 100 to 1 about it. As you were booking even bets on the subject, I said I would take it; that as there was a doubt on the subject, and such odds were offered, I did no more than any man in my place would have done. That then dictionaries were hunted for, some of which gave it one way and some the other; but that none of them agreed; and the only one which gave it decidedly *Rein* was, curiously enough, your own, which showed you could not have been studying it. I then said that if he thought that bets upon things of that sort were not fair, I was willing to let my bets be drawn; but that I mentioned to him that *after* the dictionaries had been examined, T. B. insisted he was right, and the best of it is that the Admiral himself says that if he had to decide the matter he would give it to *Rein*, as being the correct way; and that he fairly contradicts himself on the subject that *Rain* was a *certainty.*" There is nothing in this statement which would justify Mr. Lawley in saying that Captain Stewart had confessed to have made a "bubble" bet; but then there are, unfortunately, great difficulties, also, in believing this to be an accurate statement of the facts. To believe that two habitual betters make a bet upon the spelling of a word, and that neither of them refers to a dictionary between that time and the day afterwards, when the subject is revived, and other bets are made, requires a robust credulity, which we must confess we have not. Whether a bet was a bubble bet or a *bona-fide* bet, we think Admiral Rous will carry with him the common sense of the public when he inferred that directly it was admitted that Stewart and Burnaby had discussed the matter and betted upon it the day before, it followed as a necessary presumption that these two were, on the day after, in possession of all the information which the ordinary dictionaries would afford. But is it true, as Captain Stewart leaves us to infer, that the bet as to the spelling was general? Was it not confined to the spelling in Johnson's Dictionary, or to some other particular dictionary? Will Mr. Ten Broeck affirm that no pressure was put upon him to submit to the authority of a particular dictionary, either produced or named? If the bet was general, the darkest feature in the transaction seems to us to vanish. In that case there was not only no certainty, but there was, and is, great uncertainty. The true etymological spelling may be in favor of Captain Stewart, but the usual spelling is undoubtedly in favor of Mr. Ten Broeck. This very important point is not touched in any of the statements. Yet it is the point upon which everything turns. If the bet was general, as it seems to have been, it may have been an innocent bet. We may suspect that the betters, who had previously discerned the matter, and who had almost certainly looked into a dictionary to see how their own bet went, might have thought they had an advantage when betting with others who came new on the subject; but as the dictionaries differed, they would not, in fact, get any advantage. If, however, the impression conveyed by Captain Stewart's statement is false, and if it was a condition of the bet that it should be decided by some particular dictionary, then, we think, there can be but one opinion. All the world must then believe that Colonel Burnaby and Captain Stewart, when making their bets, had consulted that dictionary, and knew all about the matter; and that the whole affair was, to use the word of Captain Stewart, "a plant." It is strange that so much has been written and published, and that we are still left uninformed as to this material fact.

In this point of view, it would be unimportant whether the original "fiver" bet between Colonel Burnaby and Captain Stewart were *bona fide.* The more real it was, the more likely the parties would have been to have investigated the matter on the spot. It does certainly seem improbable that Captain Stewart should admit to the Steward of the Jockey Club that he had made a "bubble" bet. But it is also improbable that Admiral Rous should think he heard the admission if it was not made. The most improbable and incomprehensible thing of all, however, is that a gentleman of station should first think he heard it, and then think he did not hear it, and then say that he had only said he did hear it, because the declaration was dictated to him. It is, we believe, altogether unprecedented in English society, that a gentleman should first solemnly assert a fact that is damnatory to the character of another gentleman, that he should then recall that assertion, that he should then say he had made it under coercion, and that he should, lastly, introduce the name of his own wife into the transaction. The whole affair is full of improbabilities and inconsistencies, and the statements last published seem to us rather to increase than to reconcile them. One very unfortunate peculiarity in these new statements is, the disposition shown by all the incriminated parties and their friends, to use fierce language towards Admiral Rous. If we could see the least reason for suspecting that Admiral Rous and the Stewards of the Jockey Club desired to sacrifice these men without a cause, our sympathy would, of course, be with the oppressed. But it is preposterous to suppose that the noblemen and gentlemen who make up this great Turf Club, would gratuitously and without absolute necessity create such a scandal as this against men of their own order. It would be the very thing they would most wish to avoid. Nothing seems to us to lend the least likelihood to the suggestion that Admiral Rous had any vindictive feeling against any of these people, or any other object, except to keep the society in which he lives, as clean as he can. When we see such words as "ungentlemanly" applied to him in this correspondence—and by whom?—we think he deserves every support in performing what he evidently thinks to be a public duty. The matter has not ended yet. The public has heard either too much or too little, as any reader who will compare these statements and sift the facts will readily discover.

The above is a sort of summing up of the whole correspondence, which, altogether, would take up six columns of the CLIPPER, rather too strong a dose for either us or our readers, we take it. We are gratified to perceive, however, that our American Turf representative is content to write but little, and that of the most gentlemanly sort. Here's his card:—

"5, Chesterfield street, Nov. 4.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL:—Mr. R. Lawley having stated that his opinion relative to the validity of the bets (in reference to the spelling of Reindeer) between Colonel Burnaby and Captain Stewart had been changed from conversation with Captain Cooper and myself, I beg leave to say that, at Doncaster races, Mr. R. Lawley expressed to me his regret that Captain Stewart would not abandon his bets, conveying by his manner the idea that he wished to oblige me. I replied to Mr. Lawley that he entirely misapprehended the subject; that, as matter of opinion, I had laid Capt. Stewart £100 to £1 on the spelling of Reindeer, which I would cheerfully pay if determined against me; that with Captain Stewart, the investigation would involve a more serious issue than his bets, and that if he chose to commit suicide, it was his affair, not mine. Very faithfully yours,

R. TEN BROECK."

We are hardly in position to give an opinion, but at the same time, cannot refrain from thinking that the above evidently exposes an intent to swindle somebody, and that Mr. Ten Broeck was singled out for a victim.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER NINE.

GOING THROUGH THE TUNNEL—HUGGIN' AND BUZZIN'—"MODUS OPERANDI"—A LITTLE PERSONALITY INDULGED IN—A "QUIETUS."

After a long, dreary, joggling ride, with aching limbs and chafed trousers behind, we all arrived at our journey's end, "not highly pleased and delighted with the ride," but downright glad it was over. There is only one peculiarity on the way between Birmingham and Liverpool—a big, dark tunnel, 2280 yards in length, 25 feet in breadth, and 17 feet in height, that took four years to build. It commences just before entering Lime street station. I'll try and explain something about this underground railway. Nobody's such a fool as not to know what a tunnel is, I guess—that's understood. Here's a dodge you're not up to, though, if the court knows itself, and it thinks it does: On each side the track, or "tramway," as they call it, at this point, are two stationary engines, equal to 40 horse power, to draw carriages up and let 'em down easy the aforesaid subterranean passage, easily. The machinery communicates by a spacious tunnel under the road, so that a power of 160 horses can be put on, if necessary. When the locomotive arrives here, it is switched off, and the road being at an angle of the same number of degrees Mose Humphrey's plug used to mark, from the back of his head to the tip of his nose, (you'll have to guess how many that was) the cars are launched forth into utter darkness to take their own course for the other end. If a man ever can feel darkness, it is in going through this cavity. To me it was simply disgusting, particularly as every once in a while I'd hear two lips smacking a "bus," somebody tittering and te-heing, and other signals of distress or pleasure. I was really mad, and no mistake, at not having a lady companion. It made me laugh right out to see the number of mussed bonnets and flushed countenances when we did get out of darkness. As an institution for courting other men's wives, the Lime Street Tunnel is A No. 1, and suits all classes of society. So much for running down the tunnel. Now for going up. Instead of the locomotive, an immense rope (which can only properly be made in a certain part of Scotland) is attached to the first car, and the whole train is hauled up "so fashion;" the rope is laid between the tracks, and works on small wheels similar to the bands on a printing press. But supposing the rope broke? That occurs very seldom indeed, and even were such a thing to happen, the gravity is only sufficient to let it go down at Third Avenue stage velocity—about four miles an hour. For better safety, breaks are attached, and there's very little fear of accident; it seems an odd way of traveling, though, till you get used to it. There are two arches, one for trains coming in, the other for trains going out—also two stationary engines, each of sufficient power to manage all the work, but the extra one is there in case of accident. This tunnel extends from Lime street to a little place called Edge Hill, and at the Lime street end of the tunnel, by means of compressing the air through a ten-inch pipe, a signal is made in the engine rooms, by which it is known the trains are ready to start. The steam is immediately turned on, and the splendid machinery is set at work. I have now taken you through the dark arches, (not of the Adelphi) and told you all I know about them; if anything's wrong, let those better posted come out and say so like a brick, and the "Boy from home" will feel grateful—muchly so."

It takes considerable time to tell about every little thing, don't it? You can guarantee by this that somebody's got the time to spare, whose only hope is to dish up a little interesting news, common-place though it may be, for your entertainment. You know as well as I do, anybody can write this sort of thing if they'll only buckle to it; but as nobody since Mike Walsh's death has attempted it, it fell to my lot to try and follow in Mike's footsteps so far as I am able. To those who would say, "It's all very well to talk like this—you are a thunderin' sight too egotistical, etc.," I beg to reply that the use of the personal pronoun, "I," is altogether unavoidable in letters of this kind. "Nuf ced; we understand all about that; go on with your yarns, or go down below!" Such orders as these from Captain, First Luff, and the craft's Doctor, are peremptory—I "tremble and obey."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL AND SOMEBODY BOOSTED OUT—THE CHURCH AND THEATRE—HELEN WESTERN AND LOUISE KEELEY—GOING TO MARKET.

Facing the London and North-Western Railway station is that monster magnificent edifice, St. George's Hall, the largest building of its kind in the world. It is a structure in which grandeur and beauty are united. You approach the entrance up a flight of stone steps, and in the interior are two police courts, an immense hall for public meetings, a concert hall, and numerous suitable apartments for the convenience of official parties engaged in anything that may be going forward. I popped in one of the court rooms to see what was going on, but got put out mighty quick by an equerry, dressed like an old church beadle, for laughing out loud at a droll fellow being cross-examined, whose wit was too much for me; therefore, I can tell you no more about *that* department. In miscellaneous groups stood anxious friends and relatives awaiting the result of some poor fellow's trial, some crying, others full of confidence that Johnny, Pat, or Sawney, would get clear. I should very much like to see these groups put on canvas by a skilful artist, Jem Ward, for instance, they would be a capital study for the physiognomist, phrenologist, or any other gal.

Concerts are frequently given here, and the organ, of extraordinary power, is one of the largest instruments in the world. The dimensions of this hall are as follows: 166 feet in length, 76 feet 9 inches in breadth, and 87 feet 6 inches in height; the two law courts are each 62 feet 9 inches in length, 51 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 43 feet in height. The total length of the building is 465 feet. The massive columns in the hall are of granite, beautifully polished, and the Corinthian columns outside are remarkable for elegance of proportion. Between the hall proper and the street, is a large space flagged over for promenading, surrounded by the most contemptible chain and stone railing I ever saw. Everybody here, even native Liverpudlians, expresses emphatic and damning opinions at the miserable abortions for palisades in contrast with the noble and grand front the hall itself presents. The town corporation have tried a dozen kinds the last ten years, none of which can hold a candle to the original design of the architect. Unfortunately that great genius died before the hall was thoroughly finished, and the "coming man" doesn't appear yet to have been born that can complete the job properly. You'll have to send somebody from the Empire City or Keystone State to do it for them, and I'll propose him to the Liverpool Corporation. I've no axe to grind, mind you, (that's not my style,) but want to see the thing done right for the good of the whole place. If I thought you were fond of architectural matter, column after column might be written concerning St. George's Hall; as you are not, the subject shall now give place to other items.

Back of St. George's Hall is St. John's Church, built in 1784; its tower is square and 123 feet in height, presenting a singular appearance. St. John's Lane, so named from the church and burying ground extending the whole length of it, is a very steep thoroughfare, making the churchyard railings look very odd—almost like a flight of steps. Turning down Roe street, (where Phil Sampson lives, of whom I shall speak next week,) you approach Queen's Square, at one corner of which is the Royal Amphitheatre, the largest theatre in Liverpool, opened January 17, 1826; it will hold 3000 persons. The stage is capacious and well adapted also for equestrian entertainments; there are stables under the stage for accommodating a great many horses. When I was last in Liverpool, some four months ago, G. V. Brooke was playing there. It is now occupied by the vivacious and sparkling Helen Western, who, together with her sister, Lucille, I remember often seeing at the Bowery Theatre. Helen's style is precisely what suits here, and this, added to her magnificent wardrobe, makes her quite a sensation. Youth, dash, and beauty are sure to bring booty, and I shouldn't wonder to find her engagement running for several weeks. Miss Louise Keeley, (daughter of "Little Keeley,") another pet with theatre-goers, is also here, and is performing Myles na Coppaleen in Byron's burlesque of the "Colleen Bawn" called "Miss Eily O'Conner." Charles Matthews was the star last week.

The other public places in Queen's Square are St. George's Bazaar, forming a communication between the Square and St. John's Lane, and a wholesale market for fruit and vegetables, only allowed to be sold on market days—Wednesday and Saturday. There are about a dozen markets in Liverpool, St. John's taking the lead. I may have a few words about them all; shall certainly say something about St. John's Market that may astonish the Upper Ten Thousand of Avenue Y, or our best (?) society, as well as the Centre Market butcher boys. Look out for it, or rather look in (the CLIPPER) for it in a few weeks from date. By so doing it will give me a chance to compare the markets of London and Liverpool with those of New York; also the quality and tax upon the different articles sold for human provender. That's so.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The game lately contested between yourself and Mr. Leech, appears this week. Being somewhat lengthy, it is quite probable that other variations may have been overlooked; at any rate, the game is an instructive one, and should there prove to be "holes in the skimmer," our correspondents will "report" to head quarters.

GEO. VERNON, C. W.—Your solution is correct.

S. E. C. C., C. W.—Position received, and on file. With regard to your Tournament, we reply, let us have the games by all means.

A. J. M., Sioux City.—Right glad to hear from you again. Position on file for examination.

S. THOMPSON, ESQ., Alleghany City, Pa.—See a Position in this week's CLIPPER, dedicated to you, by our correspondent H. L.

H. L.—Welcome on board the CLIPPER! Position O. K.

GAME No. 33—VOL. X.

Lately contested between Messrs. J. A. De Con and Leech, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, De Con.		White, Leech.		Black, De Con.		White, Leech.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	16.. 7	to 16	23	to 19(e)
2..15	22	25	18	17..16	23	26	10
3.. 8	11	29	25	18..17	22	24	20
4.. 4	8	26	22	19..22	25	30	26
5..12	16	24	20	20..25	30	26	22
6.. 8	12	27	24	21..30	26	22	17
7..10	14	24	19	22..26	22	17	13
8.. 6	10	31	27(a)	23..22	18	13	9
9.. 9	13	18	9	24..18	15	10	6
10.. 5	14	27	24(b)	25..15	10	6	1
11.. 1	5	22	18	26.. 3	7	28	24
12..13	17	18	9	27.. 7	11	24	19
13.. 5	14	19	15(c)	28..11	15	1	6
14..11	27	32	23	29..10	1	19	10
15..10	15(d)	20	11	30.. 1	5	10	6

White wins.

Notes, by J. A. De Con.

(a) This loses without an if.
28 to 24, or 32 to 27 draws.

Better than

(b) 28 to 24, or 30 to 25, for instance:

10..		30	to 25	12..14	to 18	23	to 14
11..13	to 17	22	13	13..16	30, wins.		

If 28 to 24, thus:

10..		28	to 24	13..16	to 23	26	to 19
11.. 1	5	23	18(1)	14..11	16	20	11
12..14	23	27	18	15.. 7	23, and wins.		

(1)

11..		22	to 18	14..14	to 18	21	to 14
12..13	to 17	18	9	15..10	17	23	14
13.. 5	14	30	25	16..16	30, and wins.		

(c) As good as 30 to 25, in my opinion. For instance:

13..		30	to 25	15..10	to 17	23	to 14
14..14	to 18	21	14	16..16	30, and wins.		

(d) Any other move draws, apparently. If

15.. 7	to 11	30	to 25	18..15	to 18	20	to 11
16.. 3	7	25	22	19.. 7	16,		
17..11	15	22	13		and only draws.		

(e) Best, as it recovers the piece and gives a chance to draw.

(f) This move destroys his chance for a draw. I think that any other reply than the one in the text would still give him a draw.

(g) If, instead of this, he move 24 to 19, the following is the result:

18..		24	to 19	21..30	to 26	22	to 17
19..22	to 25	10	26(2)	22..26	22	17	13
20..25	30	26	22	23..22	18, and wins.		

(2)

19..		19	to 15	22..25	to 22	8	to 4
20..25	to 29	15	11	23..22	18	4	8
21..29	26	11	8	24..18	15, and wins.		

Yours, &c., J. A. DE C.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 33—Vol. X.

BY J. D. ELLWARNER.

White.		Black.	
1.. 9	to 6	2	to 9
2..10	7	3	10
3..17	13	8	3
4..13	8	5	12
5..20	16	12	19
6..24	31, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 98th POSITION.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1.. 8	to 11 (B)	14	to 9	7..22	to 26	9	to 6
2.. 6	10	9	6	8..26	30 (A)	6	2
3..10	14	6	2	9..30	26	2	7
4..14	17	2	7	10..26	22	10	15
5..11	16	7	10	11.. 1	6	7	11
6..17	22	13	9	White wins.			

(A)

8.. 1	5	10	14	13..26	22	14	10
9..26	30	6	2	14.. 5	9	10	7
10..30	26	2	6	15.. 9	14	7	11
11..26	22	6	10	16..14	17	11	8
12..22	26	10	15	White wins.			

(B)

1.. 8	12	14	9	13..24	28	11	16
2.. 6	10	9	6	14..28	32	16	20
3..10	14	6	2	15..32	27	19	15
4..14	18	2	7	16..27	23	15	10
5..18	22	13	9	17..23	19	10	6
6..22	26	7	10	18..19	15	6	2
7.. 1	5	10	14	19..15	11	2	6
8..26	30	9	6	20..12	16 (C)	14	18
9..30	26	6	2	21..16	19	6	10
10..26	31	2	7	22.. 5	9	10	6
11..31	24	28	19	23.. 9	13	6	10
12..20	24	7	11	24..11	8	10	15
White wins.							

(C)

20..11	15	14	10	24..16	19	22	18
21..15	11	6	9	25..11	7	18	15
22.. 5	14	10	17	26..19	23		
23..12	16	17	22	White wins.			

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

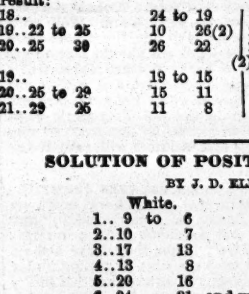
Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8	24	20

POSITION No. 34—Vol. X. THE 99th POSITION. OF STURGES.

BY H. L., OF PITTSBURGH.

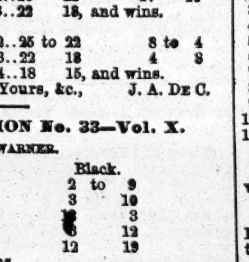
Dedicated to S. Thompson, Esq., Alleghany City, Pa.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

DRAUGHT MATCH AT LEEDS, ENG.—On Monday Nov. 3, a match (the best of twenty games) at this scientific game, was commenced at the house of Mr C. Thornton, the Old White Swan, top of Briggate, between Mr Robert Martins (of London) and Mr George Tornent (of Leeds), for £10, the latter gentleman receiving the odds of the day's play the game stood—Martins five, and Tornent four. The game was resumed on the following evening and concluded shortly before twelve o'clock, Martins having won eleven games and his opponent nine. Considerable interest was excited, but there was very little betting, as nobody felt disposed to lay against the Champion.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAS. A. GILBERG.—Your extremely beautiful note, game, and problem, are at hand; the last will appear next week, the game one o' these days.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—Your game with Mr. Thompson we have annotated *in extenso*—and a piece further after that, and shall ventilate it next week. Keep on. Will you send us your address in your next?

F. H. ELDER, Detroit.—Written to you privately; will give you Mr. S.'s address, when he illuminates.

F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.—Inquiries for you, too. Look o' here: if you don't send some specimens of your "*Hares*" over (up) to our house, we'll be down on your "*Hares*"—that's flat—in more senses than one.

REV. G. A. MCDONNELL has scored his match with Mr. Mason, by winning the odd game. It consisted of four, not five, games to win.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD'S CONGRESS of 1862, unless we greatly misunderstand the allusion of Herr Loewenthal, its chief Editor, is pledged to contain "over 250 games, among which will be included the best of those played at the Bristol and Birmingham meetings."

ENIGMA No. 356.

From the Palamede. (Beautiful!)

BY WM. DONE.

at his Kt 2, K 5, K Kt 8, K B 2, K 3, Q Kt 2d.

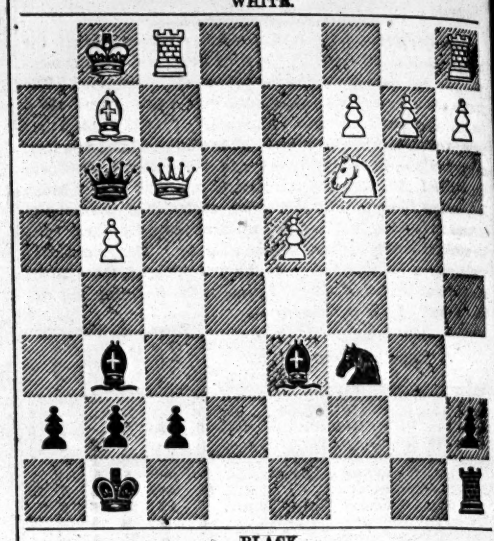
at his Kt 4, K 3, K B 4, K B 4th,

Black to play and draw the *partie.*

PROBLEM No. 356.

END-GAME—BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black announced to win Q, or give mate, in six moves.

GAME No. 356.

Brilliant skirmish between our contributor John Schlesinger, and C. H. Stanley.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Schlesinger.		Defence, Stanley.		Attack, Schlesinger.		Defence, Stanley.	
1..P to K 4		P to K 4		12..Q B to Kt 5		P to K B 3	
2..K Kt-B 3		Q Kt-B 3		13..Q B-R 4		P-K Kt 4	
3..K B-B 4		K B-B 4		14..B-K Kt 3		P-Q 4	
4..P-Q Kt 4		B × Kt P		15..P-K 6 (a)		Q B × P	
5..P-Q B 3		B-Q B 4		16..K R-K sq (b)		Castles (c)	
6..Castles		P-Q 3		17..Kt × Kt P		R P × Kt	
7..P-Q 4		K P × P		18..Q-K R 5		K Kt-his 3	
8..B P × P		B-Q Kt 3		19..K R × B		B × Q P	
9..Q Kt-B 3		Q B-Kt 5		20..K R × Kt +		B P × B	
10..K B-Kt 5		Q B-Q 2		21..Q × Kt P +		B-K Kt 2	
11..P-K 5		K Kt-K 2		22..K B-Q 3		Q-K B 3, and	

for the termination see the Problem above.

(a) The Attack now commences one of those pungent assaults which overwhelm all attempts at opposition.

(b) Threatening to take the Bishop.

(c) The best move at his command. Had he tried 16..Q to her B sq, or K to B sq, his antagonist would still have had a fine attack.

Game between Herr Falkbeer and Valentine Green. Score of the match, Drawn 1; Green 3; Falkbeer 7.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Falkbeer.	Green.	Falkbeer.	Green.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	25..Q R to Q sq	K to his R sq
2..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	26..Q R × Kt	B-K B 2
3..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	27..Q R-Q 2	Q B × B
4..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	28. R P × B	P-K Kt 3
5..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	29..K R-K sq	K-Kt 2
6..P-K R 3	K Kt-B 3	30..K R-K 5	P-Q Kt 3
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	31..Kt-K B sq	R-K B 2
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 5 +	32..K Kt-K 3	R-K B 3
9..Q B-Q 2 (d)	K B × B +	33..P-Q 7	K R-B 2
10..Q Kt × B	Q Kt-B 3	34..K R-K 8	Q × Q P
11..Castles	Castles	35..Q R × Q	R × R
12..P-K 5	K Kt-R 4	36..K R-K 6	K R-Q 6
13..K P × P	B P × P	37..Kt-Q B 4	R × Kt P
14..P-Q 5	Q Kt-K 2	38..R × Q-Kt P	K B × R
15..K Kt-his 5	K Kt-B 3	39..K Kt × R	P-K R 3
16. Q Kt-K 4	K Kt × Kt	40..K-his B 2	P-K Kt 4
17. K Kt × Kt	B-K B 4	41..K-his 3	K-Kt 3
18..Kt-Kt 3	Q R-B sq	42..K Kt-Q 7	K-his R 4
19..B-Q Kt 3	P-Q R 3	43..Kt × B P	P-K Kt 5
20..Q-her 4	B-K Kt 3	44..R P × P	K × Kt 2d P
21..Q R-K sq	Q R-B 4	45..K Kt-K 6	K-his Kt 4
22..P-K B 4	P-K B 4	46..K-Q 4	K × Kt P
23..Q × Q R (e)	Q P × Q	47..K-his 5	P-K B 4
24..P-Q 6 dis +	Kt-Q 4 (f)	48..K × B P, and, after a few moves, Green resigned.	

(d) 9..K to B sq leads to some interesting variations; it requires the greatest care on the part of the Defence to avert the threatened danger of losing the Bishop.

(e) Very bold in a match game, ventured against a player of Mr. Green's force; the result, however, justified the sacrifice.

(f) We believe he should have moved K instead of Kt, e. g.:—

24..	K to his R sq	26..K to his R sq	K R to K sq
25..Q P × Kt	Q-her 5 +	27..K Kt × P	Q-B 3d, &c.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER SIXTEEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MATT PEEL.

Born in New York, January 15, 1830. Subsequently his parents removed to Brooklyn. In 1840, he made his first public appearance. He shortly after organized a band of Minstrels, and made a starring tour. At the end of eight months, he joined a band of Minstrels then playing at Novelty Hall, New York, where he remained two years. He then turned his attention to forming the band known as Campbell's, in conjunction with Luke West. In 1854, Mr. West dying, the band came under the sole management of Mr. Peel, which continued till Wednesday morning, May 4, 1859, when he died.

His last appearance on the stage was May 2, in Buffalo. On Wednesday morning, May 4, about 5 o'clock, while sitting up in bed, talking with his wife, he suddenly fell back, exclaiming: "O! Mag, I am dying!" and instantly expired. His remains were brought from Buffalo to New York on the 6th, to the house of T. B. Prendergast, Broome street, near Broadway, from whence the funeral took place on Sunday, May 8. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery, with Masonic honors.

JOHN AUGUSTUS STONE.

Born in Concord, N. H., and made his first appearance on the stage at the Washington Garden, Boston, as Old Norval, in Doug-

(46) p. 352

lus. About 1821 he married Mrs. Legg, who yet survives. First appeared in New York in 1826, at the Bowery Theatre. Removed to Philadelphia, where in 1834 he committed suicide. He threw himself from Spruce street wharf into the Schuylkill, and was found a few hours after floating in the dock, a corpse. Mr. Forrest was then in New York. He went to Philadelphia to attend his funeral, and defrayed all the expenses. He was interred in the Macphelah Cemetery, where Mr. Forrest erected a very handsome marble monument to the memory of John Augustus Stone, author of "Metamora."

Mr. Stone was a clever writer, and was the author of the Prize Tragedy "Metamora," written expressly for the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest.

CHRISTOPHER LUCIUS STONE.

Born in Boston, in 1819, and made his first appearance on the stage at the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, in 1840, as Wilford, in "The Iron Chest." First appeared in Philadelphia, August 23, 1852, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Friar Lawrence, in "Romeo and Juliet." Died in Philadelphia.

MISS JANE SHERRIFF.

Born in London, England, and made her *debut*, December 1, 1831, at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, as Mandane, in the Opera of "Artaxerxes."

She made her *debut* on the American stage, October 15, 1833, at the National Theatre, Church street, New York, as Amilie, in the Opera of that name. First appeared in Philadelphia, January 14, 1839, at the Chestnut street Theatre, as Amina, in "La Sonnambula." Returned to England, and married a highly respectable gentleman named Walcot, and retired from the stage. At the time of her *debut* in England, she was considered one of the prettiest and most interesting novices that had appeared for many years.

WILLIAM H. MYERS.

Born in Philadelphia. This gentleman was intended for a physician, and was sent to college, where he received an excellent education, and graduated with all the honors. The road to the Drama being open to every one, our hero soon embraced that profession, making his *debut* November 27, 1854, at the City Museum, Philadelphia, as Master Wilford, in "The Hunchback." There were a few characters that this gentleman distinguished himself in, particularly in Henry, in "Speed the Plough," but in similar characters he did not display similar merit.

He retired from the profession in 1858, and took up his residence in Philadelphia. In 1860 he went to Memphis, Tenn., and in the month of May, while in a quarrel in a billiard saloon, was shot, and died on the 4th of the month. His remains were taken to Philadelphia and interred by his family. He was married.

MR. NELLIS.

"BORN WITHOUT ARMS."

Born in Johnstown, Montgomery county, New York, March 12, 1817. He is small in stature, his height being 4½ feet, and weighing about 116 lbs. He is of cheerful disposition, and when engaged in his unequalled exhibition, his happy humor always adds a zest to his entertainments. Mr. Nellis has travelled extensively in the United States, British Provinces, West Indies, South America, and in Europe. The following are among the wonderful achievements of Mr. Nellis: he will cut beautiful watch papers, valentines and profiles, open and wind up a watch, load and discharge a pistol, shoot with a bow and arrow, and perform on various musical instruments with great taste and precision. He executes many other thing with his feet, which a vast majority of mankind cannot with their hands, without long and arduous practice. In him we have an instance of what can be accomplished by a strong mind, aided by indomitable perseverance and untiring industry, without the common appliances by which it usually manifests its creative skill and power of adaptation.

G. A. AMHERST.

Born in London in 1776. Was Director of Astley's Amphitheatre for a long time, and made his first appearance on the stage, July 14, 1817, at the Haymarket Theatre, in "The Blue Devils." Came to the United States as general director of Cooke's Equestrian Company, and made his *debut* in Philadelphia, April 2, 1838, as The Castellan of Laurenski, in "Mazeppa."

He died in the Philadelphia Almshouse, August 12, 1851, and was buried from the residence of Edmond S. Conner, in Race street, below Eighth, by the Actor's Order of Friendship. He was afflicted with various diseases, which rendered his existence almost insupportable to himself, and, conscious of their incurability, he, in a letter to the Actor's Order, after thanking its members for the kindness of which he had been a recipient, requested to be sent back to the Almshouse, from which place he had been taken by the Order a short time before his death. His request was complied with; the Order not yet "weary of well doing," appropriated a further sum to supply him with books and writing materials. Thus it will be seen that he did not die neglected or forsaken.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, November 8.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

25.—Patsey Reardon and Jem Dillon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home Circuit.

—.—Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Championship, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The deposit due was staked at Alec Keene's on Wednesday, Nov. 5, in presence of a good muster, and the final, of £25 a-side, has to go down at Mr. W. Richardson's, Shoreditch (Mr. R. having won the toss for choice of place), on Wednesday, November 19. The latest accounts from the head-quarters of both men are highly satisfactory. They are doing their utmost to bring themselves into the finest possible condition, and are reported "eager for the fray." The interest taken in the forthcoming contest continues daily to increase, as a proof of which, the colors of the men are applied for by scores. Jack Hicks (who meets Gollagher on the same day) is taking his work with Mace, and is as fine as a star. For the Championship, we can now state that the precise day has been named, and arrangements completed to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. Endeavours have been made to alter the day of fighting between Dillon and Reardon, but the backers of the first-mentioned will not listen to this proposition.

GAME AND RESOLUTE FIGHT

BETWEEN

JEM FOX AND YOUNG FREEMAN (TONKEY,)

FOR £10 A SIDE, IN THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT.

This encounter, which has been eagerly looked forward to for a length of time, was brought to a decision on Tuesday, Nov. 4, in the midst of a goodly number of the "right sort." Neither of these light weights is known to fistic fame. Jem's last battle, previous to the present, was with the game and scientific little wonder, Peter Morris, at whose hands, after a "lengthened defence," he suffered defeat, on Jan. 22, 1861, at Hednesford Common, thirty-six rounds having been fought in 50 min., a sufficient proof of the warmth of the engagement! About Freeman there appears to be some kind of fatality, as the result of three engagements shows him "worsted;" first with Young Crutchley, at Selby Oak, July 19, 1859, after fighting forty-five rounds, occupying one hour and 30 min., when he had to lower his colors; and subsequently, Aug. 20, 1861, Moran (*alias* Mick the Grecian) also obliged him to display the flag of truce, after a sterling fight of forty rounds, fought most gamely. For the present tourney he "came out" under the auspices of Bodger Crutchley, while Fox was "unearthed" from Prof. Morris Roberts' establishment, and is as fine a species of the Hibernian fox (and there are none more cunning) as need be seen; being, withal, a smart lad. Of Freeman, we may say that seldom have we seen a more beautifully-developed miniature fighting man, and his "action" in the ring is equal to his make. The lads scaled at the domicile of Crutchley on Monday afternoon, when both were well within the weight, 112lbs, and a favorite spot, near the Beesom House, some distance beyond Sutton Coldfield, and the scene of Price and Tom Allen's late meeting, was mutually agreed on. At an early hour on the following morning, tempted by the well-known merits of the men, and a bright autumnal sky, (the) Fox, having "broke cover," and the "scent" being got, hundreds were seen in "the chase," Freeman in hot pursuit, being very sanguine of "bagging the brush." On arriving at the destination, very little time was cut to waste, Jem Spratt being at once accepted as an impartial referee, and the ring being in readiness, the combatants at once entered the same, Jem attended by Nobby Hall and Jem Hodgkiss, and Freeman by Joe Wareham and the clever but eccentric Joe Nelan. After the usual "disclaimer" of hostile feelings, except as to the right of claim to the stake at issue, they settled themselves, and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The attitude of the men, as they hoisted their tiny fists, was most scientific, and they greatly delighted the bystanders by their promptitude for business. Acting on an old adage, "Work well begun is half done," Tonkey, after a few moments' feinting, led with his left, but was short, Fox cleverly getting out of danger. Another trial of skill, and Tonkey landed full on the mouth, getting his change on the left side of the head. Both now beat a retreat, but were soon "at it" again, Fox, this time, taking the initiative, and getting well on Freeman's head, receiving a return of compliments on the temple. Some quick exchanges now followed, when Fox went to grass, and on being taken to his corner, blood was perceived at the mouth, which was claimed for Freeman, and allowed.

2. Both up briskly to time, looking very confident, and each being eager for the fray, tried to entice the other to lead, and some very pretty manœuvring ensued. The lads at last led off with the left, Tonkey being the first to let it go, and getting well on the nasal region, Fox on the ribs, and doing some slight execution. After drawing out, and taking a fresh position, they steadied themselves, and went to work in a regular give-and-take style, the fighting being of the most brilliant description, both using their hands with the rapidity of lightning, and getting all over the facial regions of each other. They fought in this style all over the ring, until closing at the ropes, where Fox went down, amidst offers of 5 to 1 on Freeman, who appeared much the stronger man.

3. On coming up, both were flushed, particularly Fox, who showed on the ribs and left eye signs of Freeman's frequent visitations. Freeman's neck also betokened sad usage, with which exception there was little amiss, and the smile upon his countenance was an index to his determination of character, and, from the style in which he went rattling with both hands at his antagonist, fully carried out the truth of our observations, as he got on (notwithstanding Fox's mode of defence) with much severity. Fox, at the same time, was well employed, and missed no opportunity of placing himself on equal terms. They now closed, when Fox was fought down in the middle of the ring.

4. Tonkey, on getting to his man, dashed in a terrific left-hander on the ribs, and for his temerity caught it sweetly, right and left, on the ribs and left ear, when Fox went down rather strangely, amidst loud cries of "Stand up and fight," and "You've got him right, Tonkey."

5. A short round, but very spirited, both fibbing away in downright earnest; Fox again down at the finish.

6. This bout was of a most animated character, as no sooner did the lads face each other than they went at it, Tonkey's deliveries appearing the more effective, as he put on some stingers with the left on the frontispiece, little to the satisfaction of Fox, as he shifted position; Fox, however, followed, and administered a terrific rib-roaster with the right, which made Master Tonkey retreat. After some fine exchanges, left and right, they closed, Tonkey getting the loop on with the right, from which Fox cleverly got down, amidst great cheering.

7. No sooner had the lads come up than they (as in the previous round) went in in the most determined manner, fighting left and right in all parts of the ring. After some little dodging for an opening, Fox led off on the head, getting well home, and being well countered, in the way of a balance of accounts, on the ribs and chin, when he went down in the middle of the ring.

8. After some good two-handed fighting, the lads closed, and some good half-arm fibbing ensued, much in favor of Freeman. Fox went down to avoid.

9 was of a very similar description. Fox again down at the close.

10. Fox, although bleeding profusely from the nose, came up very strong, and evidently bent on mischief, and in the most determined manner made play with both weapons, and with good effect, retreating with scarce any return (his partisans in ecstacies). Nevertheless, as usual, he was down at the finish.

11 was gamely contested, without much advantage to either, Fox, who was evidently on the saving suit, getting down at the finish, after receiving a terrific right-hander on the ribs.

12. It was evident, on Tonkey coming up, that he had sustained an injury to the right hand, as it began to puff most fearfully; Fox's ribs also bore evidence of the severity of the blow administered in the last round. After very slight exchanges, Fox got down.

13. After sparring, breaking, and again and again weaving to distance, and going through the same antics, they got well together, but after some fine and rapid fighting at long shots, by some inadvertence, both their *craniums* came in contact with terrific force, and had they been struck by a thunderbolt they could not have gone down more quickly. They seemed dead as if by electricity, as they lay prostrate until picked up by their seconds, completely stunned, and it required all the attention of their mentors to bring them up to "time" for

14. Both exceedingly shaky, and very cautious; indeed, it was truly wonderful how they came up at all. Freeman at last got slightly on the temple, receiving on the ribs; Fox down.

15. Very short and very tame; Fox down again.

16. A repetition of the last round.

17. After a few exchanges, both down side by side.

18. Strange to say, at this period, the clouds, which previously had been bright, assumed a threatening aspect, and a provoking rain began to descend, which forbade expectants to indulge in fond hopes. This seemed to have a prejudicial effect on Tonkey, while it only appeared to invigorate Fox, as, from this point, he began to "turn the tables" on his adversary, as he got on with renewed vigor, and landed a hot-'un on his opponent's right ear, and for the first time during the battle, Tonkey was down.

19. Fox, following up his advantage, got on with both hands on the *os frontis*, receiving on the ribs and nose, and going down.

20. On the call of time, Fox left his second's knee with alacrity, and having determined on a change of tactics, now assumed the offensive, and went direct to Tonkey's corner, and the lads were soon at business. The exchanges were decidedly in Fox's favor, who, according to his old game, went down.

21. Exceedingly short. Fox landed a terrific right-hander on Tonkey's left eye, which immediately showed signs of taking a last fond view of passing events. From the slippery state of the ground, and the force of his own blow, Fox fell.

22. Tonkey's once-smiling and good-tempered countenance showed a marked change. He came up with his nose distilling somewhat freely, and, being nettled, went in rather unguardedly, and got a dose which was not in the least calculated to improve his nerves. Rapid exchanges to the ropes. Fox down. Forty minutes had now elapsed.

23 to 27 were contested in the most determined manner, neither flinching from his work, and although Fox was down at the finish of each of these rounds, it was evident that he was improving his position.

28. This was a very spiritedly-fought round, and ended by both going down on the ropes, Fox under.

29 to 34. Gamely fought, Fox, now much the stronger, got on heavily on the jaw, and sent Freeman down in his own corner.

On coming up for the 35th round, Fox at once went to Freeman's corner, and, much to the surprise of the spectators, Freeman at once put out his hand without an exchange of blows, and yielded the palm, and thus ended a thoroughly game battle, totally at variance with the preconceived notions of the result. Time occupied, 57 min.

REMARKS.

It is only just to both lads to say that they are smart fellows. We ascribe the defeat of Freeman more to the good generalship of Fox, who, from the first, preserved his strength by the now much-recognised system of going down. Be it said of Freeman, that he is not disgraced, and it is hoped his friends will rally round him and not desert him in the hour of need.

RING ON DITS.

JACK HICKS AND JEM GOLLAGHER, £100 A SIDE, AT 9ST, HOME CIRCUIT.—The next deposit of £10 a side, for the match between the above metropolitan stars, has to be staked on Wednesday, Nov. 12, at Jem Mace's.

PATSEY REARDON AND JEM DILLON, £100 A SIDE, AT 10ST 2LB, HOME CIRCUIT.—The deposit due this week has been posted according to the articles, and another instalment of £5 a side is due on Friday, Nov. 14.

YOUNG BROOME AND THE UNKNOWN, £50 A SIDE, AT CATCH-WEIGHT, HOME CIRCUIT.—The deposit due at Harry Brunton's, on Thursday evening last, was duly posted, and the next of £5 a side has to be staked at Alec Keene's, on Thursday, Nov. 13.

FLOOD DONOVAN AND CLAMP, £25 A SIDE, AT CATCH-WEIGHT, HOME CIRCUIT.—A deposit of £2 a side was made at Mr. Tupper's, on Wednesday, Nov. 15.

SIMON FINIGHTY AND JACK HARTLEY, £25 A SIDE, AT 7ST 13LB, HOME CIRCUIT.—The second deposit of £2 10s. a side was made on Wednesday, Nov. 5.

GEORGE HENLEY AND JACK LYNCH, £25 A SIDE, LYNCH TO BE 9ST 4LB AND HENLEY CATCH-WEIGHT, HOME CIRCUIT.—The deposit of £2 10s. a side, due on Wednesday, Nov. 5, was made good at Mr. Berry's, Rotherhithe.

LOMAS AND SWEENEY.—This match is off, by Sweeney not staking up last Tuesday, according to articles.

GEORGE RICHARDS and John Lyons are matched to fight, at catch-weight, for £15 a side, on Wednesday, Dec. 10, within thirty miles of Manchester.

DAN LOMAS having received forfeit from Pat Sweeney, informs Tom Kelly, of Bradford, that as he does not want to disappoint him, he can be on for £25, open for £50 a side, to fight in the Liverpool or Birmingham districts; or, if that will not suit him, Lomas will agree to fight fifty miles from each man's home.

SALE OF TOM SAYERS'S CIRCUS.—A few days since a public announcement was made that Tom Sayers, the ex-Champion, had commissioned Mr. Abrahams, auctioneer, of Twickenham, to submit to sale the whole of the property comprised in his travelling circus, including thirty-three horses, the celebrated performing mules Pete and Barney, the mammoth tent capable of holding 2,500 spectators, the grand mastiff dog Lion, &c. The sale was commenced on Thursday, Nov. 6, at the Lower Welsh Harp, Hendon, Middlesex, and, despite the extremely unfavorable weather, attracted some 700 or 800 spectators, who stood undauntedly in a continuously-pouring rain to see the stud and circus paraphernalia brought to the hammer. The sale commenced soon after one o'clock, and did not terminate until past four. Mr. Abrahams expatiated fully upon the value which was set upon this species of property. The carriages were first sold. Five out of twelve lots only found customers. Mr. Ackwright, of London, gave £21 17s for the band and advertising carriages; the phaeton and dennett fetching respectively 21 and 10½ guineas. The harness brought £24. The 90ft. tent was put up at 20 guineas, and knocked down to Mr. Wood, auctioneer, of Hounslow, for 30½ guineas. The tent paraphernalia fetched very indifferent sums. Mr. Reeves, Tom Sayers's secretary, bought in the magnificent mastiff dog Lion, for 21 guineas; and the horses then only remained for disposal. Mr. Batty (Astley's) bought Wallace (a cream carriage), for 20 guineas, and Yankee, one of the ring stud, for 7 guineas; Mr. Van Hare took Tike and Emma at 26 guineas; Mr. Alfred was the purchaser of Baby, for 26 guineas; and Jemmy Welch bought Jem for 14 guineas; the mules, Pete and Barney, originally imported into England by Howes and Cushing, were bought in for 190 guineas; Hero, for 35 guineas; Lady, 15½ guineas; Little Siss, 10½ guineas; Tommy, 31 guineas; Tiger, 15½ guineas; and two others for 16½ guineas. Mr. Warner, the host, bought Warner, for 20 guineas; and Northallerton fell to Mr. Swaby for 10½ guineas. The other lots fetched £112. It was evident that the dream of the stock did not change hands. The extent of buyers in such a company was of course limited. Sayers was present during the whole time.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE "DEERFOOT" EXPOSURE.

WILLIAM HOWITT (JACKSON, THE AMERICAN DEER) VS. GEORGE MARTIN.

On Thursday, November 6, Mr. J. F. Frazer, the judge at the Wandsworth County Court, gave judgment in this case.

It will probably be within the recollection of our readers, that on October 23, William Howitt, better known by his professional cognomen of "the American Deer," sued George Martin for the sum of £6, being the balance due for wages, made up of the two several sums of £2 owing out of £4, one week's salary, and £4 for one week's salary in lieu of notice. The "American Deer" had been engaged by the defendant, Martin, to go with Deerfoot, (the Seneca Indian) John Brighton, and others in the circus, which traveled from place to place, where running matches and other sports of an athletic character were performed. In the midst of a provincial tour, Martin summarily dismissed the entire troupe, as he found the speculation was a failure, and he promised to pay the balances then due for services rendered, and also to make up all deficiencies. This was at Peterborough, at which town the whole concern came to a dead lock. The line of defence adopted by the defendant, Martin, who denied that he owed the "Deer" anything, elicited a full *expose* of the so-called pedestrian contests, it appearing that men who could give "Deerfoot" long starts, were settled to run in certain positions, and that Martin, the time-keeper, judge, &c., was to give "the office" by a preconcerted move of his book, when to go quick or slow, but in all cases the Indian was to be allowed to win. The "Deer" ran under orders at different places at different times, third, fourth, or fifth, as Martin instructed him. The "Deer" also acted as clown in the circus, and according to his statement, there were several in the troupe who could have given starts to the Indian and beaten him. At the hearing of the case, the judge postponed his decision, Mr. A. Haynes, the solicitor for the plaintiff, relying on the fact that there was an implied contract between the parties as master and servant, and his Honor commenting in unmeasured terms on the dishonorable character of the entire transaction. Since that hearing, a one hour's race has taken place, in which the Red Indian has run 11 miles 720 yards in the hour, at the West London Cricket Ground, Brompton, against White, Brighton, Andrews, Mower, and others fleet of foot, but the actual measurement and timing may well be accepted with much reserve, after the statement given in evidence in the case more immediately under notice. There was a considerable gathering of the pedestrian fraternity present, and at the sitting of the court,

His Honor (Mr. J. F. Fraser) said: Mr. Haynes, I have looked over my notes, and it does not sufficiently appear on the evidence whether it was part of the original contract that Jackson was to run according to orders. Perhaps you would not like to offer any further evidence.

Mr. Haynes said that he felt the difficulty at the time of the hearing of the summons, but he would prefer taking the judgment of the court on the evidence as it stood.

His Honor, said: I am ready to give my judgment, and upon reading the whole of the evidence in this case, I am of opinion that there was the sum of £4 for wages left unpaid to the plaintiff at the time of the breaking up of the company at Peterborough; but with respect to the sum of £2 claimed for services in Ireland, I think the weekly contract had been rescinded, and a fresh agreement had been come to, that the plaintiff should receive £2 for his last two days' services, and which now, it is admitted, was paid to him. A question has, however, arisen, whether in point of law, the defendant is entitled to recover at all. From the evidence, it appears that the public was induced by the defendant to pay their money for admission to see certain foot races, under the representation that they would be honestly run as a fair trial of the speed and endurance of the parties engaged in the contest, the defendant's intention being that in many, if not in all cases, the result should be precisely such as he should dictate to the competitors. This was a fraud upon the public, and if the plaintiff, with the full knowledge of this fact, and with the view of furthering the designs of the defendant, had made it a part of his contract with him to run, not according to his real powers, but according to the order of the defendant, I should have had no difficulty in deciding that such a contract was void; but although I am satisfied that many of these races, if not all, were run not honestly, but according to a pre-arranged plan, yet, as the evidence does not go the length of establishing that was in consequence of a stipulation in the contract between the parties, but rather that it was a compliance on the part of the plaintiff with the improper instructions of the defendant, I am of the opinion that, highly reprehensible as the conduct of the plaintiff was, he is not disentitled from suing for the amount due to him, and the judgment of the court will therefore be for the plaintiff, for £4, to be paid in a week.

BALL PLAY.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB AVERAGES OF 1862.

The following are the averages of those members of the club who have taken part in first nine matches during the year:—

	Matches Played in	Hands Lost	Average and over	Runs	Average and over	Highest Score in a Match	Matches in which no Runs made	Clear Scores	Most Hands Lost	Least Hands Lost	Home Runs	Struck Out
Chapman	6	21	3-3	11	1-5	4	1	0	4	1	0	
Crane	7	26	3-5	12	1-5	4	1	0	5	0	0	
Massey	5	18	3-3	2	0-0	1	3	0	4	0	2	
Oliver, John	3	10	3-1	5	1-2	4	1	0	4	1	0	
Oliver, Jos.	5	15	3-0	9	1-4	4	2	0	4	1	0	
O'Brien, M.	5	10	2-0	14	2-4	5	0	1	3	0	0	
O'Brien, P	5	15	3-0	13	2-3	5	0	0	3	1	1	
Pearce	6	14	2-2	15	2-3	5	1	0	4	1	0	
Smith, C	6	14	2-2	15	2-3	7	1	0	4	0	0	
Smith, A	1	4	4-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	4	0	0	
Start	4	11	2-3	4	1-0	2	1	0	5	0	0	
Seinsoth, F	1	3	3-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	3	0	0	
Simonson	1	3	3-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	3	0	0	

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.—The first nine of the Atlantic club have played four games this season, viz.: three with the Eckford and one with the Mutual, besides taking part in three games with the Philadelphia clubs. Of the four club games played, they lost three, two with the Eckford and one with the Mutual.

The total number of innings played in the above four games was 36, and the total runs obtained, 66; giving an average of one run to an innings and 30 over—nearly two—or 14 to a match. The total number of runs by their opponents in the same innings was 48, an average only of one run to an innings with 12 over, or 12 to a match.

Of the innings played, there were 14 in which no runs were made, an average of 3 to a match and 2 over; their opponents being charged with 15 in the same innings.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no runs were made was 6, that of their opponents being the same.

In no game on either side, were runs made in all the innings played, and neither side obtained double figures in any of the innings; the highest figures on the Atlantic side being 7, and on their opponents' side 7.

The highest score obtained in a match was 39, the highest on their opponents' side being 20; the lowest scores being respectively 3 and 5.

The total number of fly catches made in the above matches was 31, and of bound catches, 35; the number of the former missed being 12, and of the latter 6.

The total number of foul balls on which they were put out in the above games was 20, their opponents being similarly put out 27 times.

Nine innings were played in every game.

The total number of passed balls on which bases were run was 32, the number on the part of their opponents being 19.

The longest game occupied 3 hours in playing, and the shortest 2 hours and 15 minutes.

The first match was played July 11th, and the last Sept'r 22d.

STAR CLUB MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Star base ball club, held at their rooms on Monday evening 17th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, James L. Mitchell; Vice President, George F. Wheelright; Secretary, Bruce A. Chilton; Treasurer, William H. Hunter; Board of Directors, C. A. Savage, Samuel Mumby, G. A. Chappel; Captain first nine, James L. Mitchell; Captain second nine, W. W. Skaats; Captain third nine, J. M. Robbins; Delegates to Convention, J. L. Mitchell, Thomas Jones.

HOW THE BANK OF ENGLAND WAS BROKEN INTO, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—The directors of the Bank of England had a terrible fright a few weeks ago, on account of the summary invasion of the bullion room of the bank. It appears that the directors received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had the means of access to their bullion room. They treated the matter as a hoax, and took no notice of the letter. Another more urgent and specific letter failed to rouse them. At length the writer offered to meet them in the bullion room at any hour they pleased to name. They then communicated with their correspondent through the channel he had indicated, appointing "some dark and midnight hour" for the rendezvous. A deputation from the board lantern in hand, repaired to the bullion room, locked themselves in, and awaited the arrival of the mysterious correspondent. Punctual to the hour, a noise was heard below. Some boards in the floor were without much trouble displaced, and in a few minutes the Guy Fawkes of the bank stood in the midst of the astonished directors. His story was very simple and straightforward. An old drain ran under the bullion room, the existence of which had become known to him, and by means of which he might have carried off large sums. Inquiry was made. Nothing had been abstracted, and the directors rewarded the honesty and ingenuity of their anonymous correspondent, a working man, who had been employed in repairing the sewers, by a present of £800.

FUN ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

About three weeks ago, the McLellan left her levee at LaCrosse for St. Paul, with as choice a lot of passengers on board as one generally sees together, and a crowd, too, that evidenced by its hilarity that it felt it was getting away from the theatre of war, and fast nearing the realms of peace and fresh air, only to be found in the congenial climes and glorious scenes north of Maiden's Rock and Lake Pepin. Once under way, as is usual on such occasions, and with such crowds, the passengers went at the work of killing time in more ways than can here be conveniently told. Euchre, whist, old sledge, checkers, backgammon—everything but poker, had its devotees, while Billy at the bar was kept particularly busy "mixing" and "dispensing." It was while thus engaged that Tyrrell commenced his pranks. He had prepared a small blackened cork, to resemble a great black spider, attached it to one end of a long hair, which, by means of a small stick, he would cause to drop down in front of some semi-drowsy player, starting him to his feet in deadly fright, or perhaps causing him to clutch or slap at his unwelcome intruder, with a vengeance only to be witnessed when one is startled out of his wits by some horrible apparition. Scores af passengers had been "sold" by the dodge, and a new victim was about being tried on, when all at once a cry came up from below, clear and distinct—a cry that always will startle all on shipboard—horrible in contemplation and fearful in reality:—

"Stop the boat!—stop the boat! Man overboard!—man overboard!"

In an instant the cabin was cleared—men dropped their cards and glasses; women turned pale with fright; and the bartender left his lager running to waste, the captain let fall his pen, and Tyrrell, for the nonce, subsided from his sport, and all rushed in promiscuous confusion to the guards and lower decks, to see and render help to the poor wight who was supposed to have taken so unceremonious a bath in the father of waters. Of all the frightened ones, no one was more so than our friend Tyrrell. He went through the dining hall, into the ladies' cabin, out on the stern, down below, and up into the pilot house, with a velocity of movement that would have done honor to Stewart's Virginia Cavalry, and in less time than it takes to tell it. But what of the voice? None had heard the terrible cry save those who were in the cabin. The darkies below were as innocent of any knowledge of the cause of the hub-bub as human beings could be, while the deck hands swore that the whole fuss was raised by Tyrrell, who had rushed down below in a state of mind bordering on insanity, and insisted on getting out the life boat, in which to reconnoitre the cook's galley for the missing man, or upon doing other as strange and incomprehensible things, in order to fathom the mystery.

But the crowd soon became convinced that they had been sold, and an investigation was entered into in order to ascertain who was the vender. The heaviest purchaser had evidently been poor Tyrrell. They came back into the cabin and resumed their avocations—all but Tyrrell, who was afterwards found sitting abaft the hen coop, fanning himself with a bottle.

We had almost forgotten to explain the joke. It seems that among the passengers on board who had witnessed the "spider trick," was "a reliable war correspondent," a wag, by-the-way, and a ventriloquist of the first water, who thought it was most too bad to let Tyrrell have all the fun to himself, so he went in on his "vocal."

CAVED IN.

A Pomeranean workman, named Maasch, has lately been detected, by accident, in the course of a murderous career closely resembling that of the notorious Frenchman, Dumollard. He has, together with his accomplices, of whom his mother is one, committed thirteen murders. On one occasion, he murdered at Cursdorf, a miller and his family, consisting in all of six persons. He baffled all the researches of the police, and was detected at last by mere chance. A Berlin correspondent, describing the facts revealed on the trial, says: "Two farm laborers of the village of Warsin, near Stargardt, were one morning together on their way to their work in the fields, when it came on to rain. For the sake of greater shelter against the wet, one of them proposed that they should proceed to their destination for the rest of the way by a path leading through the woods. This being agreed on, the peasants had not been ten minutes in the forest when one of them espied at some distance, through the trees, the upper half of the body of a man sticking up out of the ground. Their hearts leaped to their mouths. One immediately started off with all the speed he could put forth, while the other, more self-possessed, retreated more slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on the object in question, which gradually sank out of sight into the earth. The peasants instantly made known to the owner of the estate the strange thing they had witnessed. The police were sent for, and a number of persons, with all dispatch, proceeded to the mysterious spot which was pointed out by the laborers. At first it seemed as though the men must have deceived themselves, or were carrying on a practical joke; for, at the spot indicated, there appeared to be nothing like a hole in the earth, as the grass covered the ground all round about. On closer investigation, however, a slit was found in the grass in the form of a square. It was but the work of an instant to discover that this was the top of a trap door, covered with turf. On forcing this open and descending, a large cavity was discovered, from which, however, the late occupiers had fled. The hole itself, which was roofed with trees covered with turf, was divided into two rooms, the walls lined with boards—a stove, two or three beds, a ladder, victuals, and cooking utensils being present, and making a very snug underground dwelling. In addition to these articles, there were present great quantities of objects identified as having been stolen from various houses in the neighboring country, in which burglarious robberies and murders had been committed. This cave was found to be the home of the wretch Maasch, who has been condemned to death, together with four others.

THE FIGURES ON DRESS PARADE.—Assuming an army of 60,000 men formed into line, single rank, they would show a front of 23 miles, allowing two feet to a man, which is rather close packing for free movements. We will countermarch one half—the right wing—and place them as a rear rank, (the usual formation) and we have a front of 11½ miles, which distance they would require when marching a column of platoons. Should the generalissimo wish to make a rapid inspection, if he had the appliance of a parallel railroad track and a fast locomotive, he may run down the front of the line in a quarter of an hour, and make a hasty review. If mounted on a charger, it would require over an hour. This respectable army, formed in a hollow square, (in double rank) would be nearly three miles from side to side, showing on each front a fraction under three miles. The enclosure would contain about 5,760 acres, an area equal to some immense Indian corn-fields in Illinois. When marching in column, it would require a whole day, taking the thing easy, for the extreme left wing to reach the point left by the right wing in the early start. When we add the commissariat, artillery, ammunition, and other wheel transports, we must give the army two whole days before the left wing *debouch* from the starting point of the right wing.

If this immense army were formed in solid square, allowing about four feet square for a man, they would cover about 150 acres, and form a block of bayonets a fraction under a quarter of a mile square. Estimating each man as carrying a weight of musket, equipments, rations, &c., at fifty pounds, this army will have trudged along with 15,000 tons weight; allowing two pounds of provisions per diem for each man, they consume 600 tons per day, and if they consume one quart of water per day, which is the best drink for an army, they consume 150,000 gallons—say 1,200 hogsheads—which is a clever-sized ship-load each day.

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Tickets 25 cents. 33-tf

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GREAT SUCCESS, CROWDED HOUSES.
OPEN EVERY EVENING.
This beautiful Hall is entirely re-modelled and improved. A new floor has been laid, to command
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A new Vestibule has been erected, enclosing a warm, neat, and comfortable
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Have been selected with great care from the best possible sources, and now comprise the following well known performers, under the direction of
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For twenty years connected with the
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RUMSEY, RAYNOR, GRAY, EDDIE, DAVIS, CLIFFORD, SOLOMONS, GRUPE, LIVINGSTON, GIBBS, ROZZI, WEITZER, HILL, JOHNSON, &c.
By request of many families,
A GRAND MATINEE,
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
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This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
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Consist of the following Gentlemen:

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FRANK ANGELO,	SIGNOR ANGELO,
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GUS PETERS,	MISS NELLIE CLIFFORD,
FRED SHAW,	MLLE LEONORA,
NED RILEY,	MISS LUCIE CLINETOP,
W. H. GRIFFIN.	MISS SALLIE CLINETOP,
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Voyage Musicale, Julien Burlesque, Broadway Polka, Old Maid's Lament, Othello, Aeriel Flights, La Perche, Don't Get Weary, &c., &c., &c.

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Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
THURSDAY, NOV. 27—THANKSGIVING DAY,
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No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 33-

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Embracing a variety of New Burlesques, Tragedies, New Overtures, Operatic Choruses, New Eccentrisities, Laughable Sayings, New Plantation Songs and Dances, Music, Fun, Frolic, Superior Singing, Mirth, Fancy Dancing, and Irrisitible Comic Ethiopian Delineation, to suit the million lovers of the burnt Cork Institution. CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
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MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 24th,
MACBETH.
EDWIN FORREST..MACBERH | Banquo.....Mr. L. R. Shewell
Macduff....Mr. J. McCullough | Lady Macbeth..Madame Ponisi
Musical Director.....Mr. Harvey B. Dodworth.
TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 24th, 1862.
MATILDA HERON
will make her re-appearance at this theatre in her thrilling character of CAMILLE.
Nights of performance of EDWIN FORREST—
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY.
Nights of performance of MATILDA HERON—
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With the exception of the press, NO FREE LIST.
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GEATEST ACTRESS OF THE DAY,
and in face and form as the
MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD!
THIS WEEK MAZEPPA.
MISS ADAH in her World-renowned characters of Cassimer and Mazeppa, introducing her educated steed
BLACK EAGLE. 33-1t*

MARY PROVOST—having concluded most highly successful engagements in Cincinnati, (two weeks,) Louisville, (three weeks,) (where, in the third week of her engagement the prices of admission were raised, and numbers turned away from the doors, unable to gain admission,) and St. Louis, (three weeks,) will commence an engagement at Grover's, Washington, D. C., on the 14th or 22d December.
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On MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17th,
and appear every evening during the present week, in their celebrated impersonations. 32-tf

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MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Having concluded highly succesful engagements in Buffalo and Rochester, will perform at
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Commencing Monday, Nov. 24th.
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A. M. HERNANDEZ.....Acting Manager.
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OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1862.
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LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
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The Grand Fairy Spectacle, by Joseph C. Foster, Esq., of
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THE MYSTERIES OF THE LURLIE BERG.
NEW AND GORGEOUS SCENERY,
MAGNIFICENT APPOINTMENTS AND EFFECTS.
In Addition to which, each Evening,
A GRAND MELODRAMA
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THANKSGIVING DAY,
TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES:
AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock,
EVENING, at 7 o'clock.
EIGHT PIECES—Including
DRAMA, PANTOMIME, BURLESQUE,
33-1t* SPECTACLE, COMEDY, and FARCE.

AGAIN IN THE FILD.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
The Autocrats of Ethiopeanism,
THE MODEL TROUPE OE THE WORLD,
Under the direction of the Great Wit and Humorist,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Are meeting with great success throughout this state—everywhere greeted by full houses—and their performances pronounced by the Press, and Public Inimitable and Unapproachable. Everything
NEW, FRESH, AND ORIGINAL.
They will visit all the Principal Cities in the
NEW ENGLAND STATES,
Introducing their
GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
BY THE
TWELVE STARS OF THE PROFESSION.
THE GREAT ETHIOPEAN "IRON-CLADS."
C. A. BOYD, Instrumental Leader.
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GAYETY MUSIC HALL, ALBANY.
Sole Lessee and Proprietor..COL HARRY HOWARD.
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The only place of Amusement in the City.
The following Ladies and Gentlemen are now performing at this Establishment:

MILLIE FRANCES,	J. TREMOLLD,
LA PETITE STELLA,	JAMES CAMPBELL,
MISS JENNIE JOHNSON,	C. TREMOLLD,
CHARLEY KANE,	MAST. DIAMOND,
PONY SMITH,	T. PENNINGTON,
SIG. ABIJAH,	J. ROBERTS, 33-1t*

THE GIFTED & ACCOMPLISHED GYMNASTS—the
ROLLANDE BROTHERS,
GUILLAUME and HENRI,
Universally conceded by all connoisseurs to be most extraordinary in their graceful, yet daring and intrepid displays of physical power and manual dexterity, entitled:
"ZATAXRIODYNAMICALEXERCITATION,"
Comprising
LOS DOS ESPIANOS,
L'ATELIER DE CANOVA,
LA CORDE TENDUE,
LOS HERMANOS RECREADOS,
Are ready to accept engagements for the winter. Managers can address them in care of this office. 33-2t*

LEA'S MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.
TO THE PUBLIC.—I am the author of the following negro sketches:—"The Stranger," "Deaf as a Post," "Turning the Tables," "The Rugged Path," "Running the Blockade," (these acts have been played by the Bryants' Minstrels with great success,) also "Cousin Joe's Visit," "Rigging a Purchase," "A Remarkable Coincidence," "Ole Bull in a Tight Place," and "Doughnut Dick, or the Zoo-Zoo's Revenge." Also the following songs: "Happy Land of Canaan," "Sally of the Sewing Machine," "The Rail Road Conductor," "Ham Fat," "The Pretty Waiter Gal," "Flying His Kite Too High," "The Catfish Woman," "The Promised Land," and "Tickle 'Em in the Right Place." This last song I have sung over one hundred nights. A couple of gripsack banjo players who have performed here during the season, not having any brains of their own, and too mean to pay for anything, have stolen it. One of them is singing it in New York, the other in Philadelphia. If this don't serve to check them, I will give their names to the public. A. J. LEAVITT,
1t* Stage Manager.

A GOOD VIOLINIST WANTED.—The Carter Zouave Sisters, who are now doing a splendid business in the western country, and are acknowledged by the "press," &c., to be one of the best shows travelling, require a good violin player. As the troupe now do a first rate minstrel business (white faces), one who could superintend and lead that part of the business would be preferred. A well qualified, strictly sober, and respectable person, will receive a fair salary, sure pay, and a permanent situation. Address, with full particulars, to
J. HENEAGE CARTER, Zouave Sisters,
Indianapolis, Ind.
N. B.—After December 4th, direct letters to the care of Frank Queen. 1t*

TO THE PUBLIC.—MISS KATE FISHER has added to her repertoire W. B. English's Original Equestrian Drama of "MIKE MARTIN," as played by her at the National Theatre, Boston, for upwards of three weeks, to overflowing houses. She has also the best trick Horse in the country, the celebrated Alexander; also several new Equestrian Dramas, written expressly for her, viz.; "The Three Fast Men," "Female Forty Thieves," "Mazeppa," "Margaret Catchpole," "Fanchon," etc.
All letters addressed to the care of FRANK QUEEN, CLIPPER OFFICE, will be attended to. 31-6t*

NOTICE TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELS AND FIRST CLASS CONCERT SALOONS.—MASTER WILLIE BLANCHARD, (better known as the "Young Scamp,") of the Western Concert Saloons, would like to engage with a good manager. The following is his line of business: SONGS and DANCES, HOP LIGHT LOO, (original,) STAGE DRIVER, SALLY OF THE SEWING MACHINE, BOB RIDLEY, UNCLE SNOW, HAM FAT MAN, and EPHRAIM, in the "Young Scamp." Prefer engaging with a good Nigger Comedian. Address
33-1t* MASTER WILLIE BLANCHARD, Baltimore, Md.

EMMA WALLER, the distinguished Tragic Actress, will terminate a (so far) eminently successful engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, on Friday evening, in the character of HAMLET, and commence a series of representations at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on Monday, 24th inst.
W. COWELL, Agent.
Buffalo, Nov. 17, 1862. 33-1t*

BANJO! BANJO!! BANJO!!! Instruction on the Banjo, by Prof. GEO. C. DOBSON, the Master Banjoist and Teacher of all Teachers. One of Dobson's celebrated Banjos sent to any part of the country on the receipt of $10 Young men fitted for the Stage. 169 Wooster street, N. Y. 33-1t*

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—Wanted immediately, a Lady for Juveniles, &c.; Walking Gentleman; two Ladies for respectable business; two good Utility Gents and 2d Old Man, &c. Apply to C. T. PARSLOE, Dramatic Agent, 15 East Houston st., "Club House," between Broadway and Crosby. 33-3t*

OUR LETTER BOX.
☞ We have letters for Messrs. J. W. Whiston, John Norton, violinist, G. H. O'Hara, John Heneage Carter, T. E. Wolfe, Charles B. Reynolds, H. Ashley, and the Misses Emma Webb and Kate Fisher.

CITY SUMMARY.
MONDAY, Nov. 24, 1862.
Saturday closed one of the most gloomy weeks we have had this year, a succession of rain storms, fogs, and "Scotch mists," keeping the people pretty well housed up. New-York is a terrible nasty place during such weather, a sort of sticky mud forming in the streets and on the walks, that renders pedestrianism anything else but a pleasant exercise. Several of the theatres felt the depressing effects of the weather, while a few managed to present a very bold front. Now that the weather has settled, we may look for a resumption of that lively business which has characterized the present season.
Cannot some means be devised by which that great nuisance of disturbing our audiences just before the close of the play, can be abated? We have visited several theatres recently, and find the nuisance prevailing in all of them. Why cannot people remain in their seats until the play is concluded, instead of rising up, and shuffling about, several minutes before the finish? In our Broadway theatres, we very naturally look for some little show of manners or decent behavior on the part of the patrons of those establishments, but really, in the particular case complained of, they do not exhibit the decency of a Bowery audience. What is the cause of this "uprising," or disturbance? Some of those who are first to rise, do it, no doubt, to let others around them see that *they* know that the play is nearly concluded. Others, and the greater proportion, no doubt, wish to attract attention to themselves; and we are borne out in this theory by noticing that these "early risers" have something upon them which they wish to show off. There's a young lady—for the women are just as bad as the men—with a new hat on; *she* wants the *habitues* to see her new feather, or the flame-colored ribbon with which her head gear is ornamented. There's another with a fur cape on her shoulders, its first appearance this season; she wishes people to understand that *her* cape is *real* sable, none of your mock turtle. Here's a fidgetty little thing, pulling and

shaking out her hoops, and spreading out her dress till it has almost assumed the dimensions of a small sized balloon; what she desires to impress on the minds of a "discriminating audience" is, the fact that she is airing her new dress. If we had "third tiers," as once we had, with accommodations for the frail sisterhood, we might almost imagine that some of them had managed to smuggle themselves into our dress circles. The men are, to a certain extent, led by the women, and, like poodle dogs, follow the petticoats of their mistresses, "up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber;" although some of the masculines are just as eager to show *their* "new things" as the gentler (preserve us from all *such* gentility) sex. Here's a cuss with a new coat on his back; see how he wriggles and squirms just before the termination of a performance. There he goes, up at last, and at a very interesting point of the play. Of course the noise made by the tailor's sign, draws attention to the new "store clothes;" very likely, after all, only "one of them five-dollar suits." There's another chap—let's see what *he* has to recommend him; oh! new kids, of a color as soft as himself; observe with what care and nicety he coaxes them on—they are, apparently, of the cheap sort, as he certainly could not afford to waste so much time on them when it is known that he is in such a *very* great hurry to get away. In fact, we have noticed that most of these "disturbers of the public peace" have something to show, and this it is that induces them to leave their seats before the play is ended. You will have observed, doubtless, that those who thus show their new things and want of manners at the same time, are among the last to leave the theatre, although vacating their seats some minutes ahead of the bulk of those present; they stand in the passageways, or in the lobbies, until the curtain is down, so that the decent and well-behaved may have an opportunity to see them "all over." For goodness' sake, let the nuisance be abated. If the new things *must* be exhibited so pointedly, let the wearers retain their seats, and let the managers provide a variety of labels to be tacked on all those persons who wish to exhibit their five-dollar suits and catskin sables to the gaze of the public. Just as the ushers place tickets marked "taken" on seats which are *not* taken, so let them affix labels on the persons of all violators of decency and good breeding, thus:—"This is a new hat, observe the feather;" "set of sable—cape, muff, and cuffs—cost $500; first appearance;" "my new dress—*poult de shivre*;" "bran-new lever watch—bought of Tiffany—no objection to give the time o' day to those without watches;" "this superior velvet cloak was imported from Paris;" "suit of clothes—not store garments;" "this young lady, dressed so exquisitely, is the daughter of poor but respectable parents;" and so on to the end of the chapter. Let us do anything, so that we may but keep the noisy rabble from destroying the pleasure of those legitimate patrons of the theatre who go there to enjoy the play.

The Ravel party closed their entertainments at Niblo's, on the 22d. Their performances have been largely attended; indeed, the engagement has equalled any previously played by the *troupe*.

Saturday night there was no performance at Laura Keene's, the theatre being closed to the public, for the purpose of having a rehearsal of the new fairy spectacle entitled "Blondette," which has been gotten up "regardless of expense." It is to be produced for the first time this evening, 22d inst. Peg Woffington was reproduced last week, but business did not exhibit that free circulation of greenbacks which is so essential to the well-being of all places of public resort. However, the new show piece will give fresh charms to Lady Laura's house, and reinvigorate the resources of the gentleman who has charge of the old stocking.

Mr. Forrest having concluded his Brooklyn engagement on the 21st, will re-open this evening at Niblo's. In Brooklyn, where the people are supposed to be tinctured a little with piety, the "Gladiator" was announced as Dr. Bird's tragedy of "Spartacus." Mr. Forrest's life-like portraitures created quite a revival for the legitimate, and his performances attracted large audiences. Talking about life-like entertainments, recalls to mind a very extraordinary incident, which is related in the history of Sweden, written by Dalen. It took place at the representation of a mystery of the Passion, under John II, 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the cross in the side, was so far transported by the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated the Christ; who, falling suddenly and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the holy mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so exceedingly enraged against Longinus, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng, and massacred him. This may stand as an example of the power of dramatic representation; but it argues little in favor of the moderation and solemnity inspired by such sacred subjects. Mr. Forrest appears this evening as Macbeth; and on Tuesday evening Miss Heron revives Camille. During Mr. Forrest's present engagement, Dr. Bird's tragedy of the Broker of Bogota is to be brought out. This tragedy is considered one of the most finished of Dr. Bird's productions. This tragedy, like the Gladiator, Metamora, Oraloosa, Jack Cade, etc., was written expressly for Mr. Forrest. We predict for it a splendid run.

Mr. M. C. Campbell is laboring hard to give our west end friends a good minstrel entertainment. He is striving to locate the Campbell Minstrels, permanently, at Palace Music Hall, corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth street. Mr. Campbell designs to give a first-class entertainment, and so far he has done very well. He will improve as he learns the tastes of his patrons. We have had a great many Campbell Minstrels, but very few have any right to the title. Mr. M. C. Campbell, however, is one of the exceptions. He is a Campbell all over; he is one of the originals, and has been in the business many years. There's a good joke about the "Campbells," which, perhaps, some of our readers may have never heard. Some years ago, when the minstrel business was in its infancy, Luke West took his Campbell Minstrels on a trip down South. He made a stand at a town where such a performance had never before been given. The town was billed with immense posters, on which was announced in flaming letters—"The Campbells are Coming." This had been sufficient to carry the party through in other places, and it was thought sufficient for a one-horse town, as this stand appeared to be. Well, the night came, and the hall was crowded, there being a good many rough alleys present among the rest. Part first opened in the usual style, with singing, jokes, etc., by the company, in black faces, and woolly wigs. The show went on, but it was evident that there was something wrong in front; there was trouble brewing; dissatisfaction was beginning to be manifested, and the roughs were becoming very noisy and demonstrative. Luke West did not understand it—the show was as good as usual, and everything was going on like clockwork, on the stage; but the noise in front increased, when West arose, and asked what was the cause of the disturbance—what was the wish of the audience. At this a great big burly fellow got up, and said:—"*I'll* tell yer what's the matter—if yer don't take off them damn niggers and bring on the camels, we'll tear your whole menagerie to pieces." It was in vain to expostulate; the "damn niggers" were slyly got out the back way, and the last they heard was—"bring on the camels, bring on the camels." People have become rather more enlightened since those days, and Negro Minstrelsy is now one of the most popular sources of amusement we have. Go see the Campbells.

By announcement in the daily papers we perceive that "Signor Cordova, the world-renowned magician, after making the tour of Europe and America, is about revisiting New York." We cannot bring to mind the "world-renowned Cordova," and yet he *may* have performed here before.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams opened to a splendid house at the Winter Garden, on the 17th inst., and their entertainments have been well attended throughout the week, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather.

We have had the foreign element in opera at two houses this week, the Italian at the Academy, and the Dutch at Wallack's old theatre. Of the two, we think the Germans have made the most money, although neither will inflate the banks in stowing away the surplus. Signora Lorini (Whiting) has been alternating at the Academy with Signora Guerabella, who can bellow to some purpose. Next week we are to have a decided sensation at the Italian house, Meyerbeer's latest production, "Dinorah, or Le Pardon de Ploermel," being announced for the 24th, when Angiolina Cordier will make her bow to a New York "enlightened and discriminating audience." Room there for Angiolina; make way for the Cordier. In Dinorah we look for an immense thing; the puff-preparers have written up the whole affair, and we are promised new scenery, new dresses, new chorus, and a new goat. The *Tribune* is to be represented by a "spick and span" new dress coat—mind, *dress* coat; none of your vulgar frock coats. Let us all endeavor to give a big reception to the new coat and the new goat.

Talking of opera, calls up an incident which is said to have taken place at the Academy last Wednesday evening. The story runs that recently, while Guerabella was rehearsing, with Muzio doing the accompaniment on the piano, the lady, to show her appreciation of the conductor's abilities, remarked that she would like to sing one of his (Muzio's) own compositions; thinking to compliment the Signor by so doing. Muzzy looked pleased—went home—sat up all night—finished the composition, and enclosed it to the lady, "accompanying" the song, in his usual happy manner, with a bill for $100. Guerabella was astounded, "couldn't see it," and sent back the music and the bill, but nary a greenback. Now Muzzy *was* mad. He determined to get hunk with the lady; but, unlike the "vigorous prosecutors of the war," didn't say a word to a soul as to his plans of revenge. Wednesday night came; Muzzy was in his cubby hole as conductor; Guerabella was to do "La Fille du Regiment;" Muzzy tuned the orchestra half a note higher than the regular pitch; the result of which was, terrific struggles on the part of the lady to get out the upper notes; she couldn't get the hang of it; the discord was horrible, and Brignoli couldn't get along with his *role*, either. The whole opera was terribly botched, and Muzzy is supposed to have had his "revenge" on the lady, by spoiling the enjoyment of the entire audience. If the facts are as stated, Muzio ought to be hustled out of the Academy, with the discordant accompaniment of a Calithumpian band. A man guilty of such contemptible conduct as that attributed to him, would suit better as the engineer of a piano in a lager beer free concert saloon than as conductor of a first-class opera troupe. Muzzy must be very small potatoes, indeed.

There is not much of interest going on in the Bowery; the regular stock of both theatres are battling against each other in a very quiet way.

Wood's Minstrels still keep up a run of novelties. Frank Brower and Eph Horn have been doing "La Perche," after Gabriel Ravel and Young America. The performance is said to be quite laughable. Charley Fox has revived "Barbary Allen," one of the most touching recitals of ancient or modern times. The sentimental singing, and instrumental performances of Wood's Minstrels are among the inducements for a visit to their splendid little opera house.

Old and new comedies continue to alternate at Wallack's. The "Clandestine Marriage," "Central Park," etc., were the attractions last week. The houses were as good as the weather would permit.

"Jean Valjean," or "Les Miserables," is one of the amusing things recently produced by Bryants' Minstrels. Here, too, we have acrobatic performances by Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour, *a la* Hanlon Brothers. Business is lively here.

Little Nutt is still at the Museum, "prior to his departure for Europe." W. B. Harrison, impromptu singer, is also there, but not prior to *his* departure for Europe.

Little Teresa Carreno gives her first public concert in New York on the 25th. She is a little girl, only eight years old, that plays on the piano.

T. Mason Jones lectured here last week, on Curran, and other Irish celebrities, and created a sort of sensation by lugging in the nigger, two elements that won't mix. There was hissing and applause, and we *did* look for a free fight, but the storm passed over.

Public performers should endeavor to stear clear of law proceedings, if, by any means, they can do so. The notoriety of the court room is generally more injurious than beneficial to such people. In the Supreme Court, on the 21st inst., application was made by Mrs. Anderson, wife of Professor Anderson, the magician, for the custody of her two daughters, Louisa and Eliza, aged respectively 16 and 13 years. It appeared, by the developments in Court, that the magician and his wife have had family troubles, and are now living apart from each other. The girls have been with their father, assisting him in his public entertainments, and it is urged by the wife that he is about to take them with him on a professional visit to the West Indies. The wife objects to their going—hence her application to have them confided to her care. The Judge, Barnard, advised them to endeavor to settle the matter between themselves, without any further law proceedings; and, with a view to this arrangement, the case was postponed. We coincide with the judge. What's the use of having these young girls brought into our courts? What good can it do them? None whatever. Keep the poor children out of the meshes of the law, if possible. Don't destroy the pleasures of their young lives by law proceedings.

The steamer Talisman, which left here for Kingston, Jam., on the 19th, but did not leave the bay until the 21st, took out Mons. and Mdme. De Lave, and a troupe of acrobats. A. Z. Delano, the well-known agent, has gone with them.

W. Newcombe, of the Newcombe & Rumsey Minstrels, has returned from England, and is to appear at Bryants' this week. He is a capital performer.

To facilitate digestion after "taking Turkey" on Thanksgiving day, just drop in and take a dose of "lafture, drawn from the Wood," at that minstrel hall opposite the St. Nicholas at 2½ P. M. A sure cure, as well for a plain burgher, as a Russian Emperor. Take your better half, and all your darling little quarters, eighths, or sixteenths along, as the case may be. Whether the Bryant Brothers and our other minstrel friends will "strike the gay guitar" or not, on that day, is not yet made known, but it is highly probable that they will.

The New Bowery is all holiday this week, inside and out, the bills and the performances. Comparatively new, as the building itself is, the real old spirit of dramatic festivity reigns supreme. "The Naiad Queen" is on hand, but she does not say "nay" to the muses or to the public. Manager J. W. Lanme will soon spectacles in tip-top style, and there without speaking. show what Tony Denier

For a Thanksgiving time generally, and amusement particularly, the performances at 444 Broadway are sure to be in season, Robt. W. Butler being a great butler in catering for the public in that way. This week's business begins with several fresh artists being added to the usually brilliant company, and the proprietors seem determined to make 444 the leading number (in their line) on Broadway.

Mr. J. H. Rumsey, of the Rumsey & Newcombe Troupe, has arrived from Europe, and is announced to appear this (Monday) evening, for the first time, at Palace Music Hall, Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, with the Campbell Minstrels.

The always-genial James Pilgrim arrived in town on the afternoon of the 22d, and has cleared off—or seems to have done so—the dark clouds and unseasonable signs of the times, for, after a sharp combat up aloft, while people were at church yesterday, we now have clear and bracing weather. Uncle James is enlisting recruits for the Washington Varieties, a concern which has parties of the highest respectability to sustain it, and any disengaged talent which New York may happen to have "floating around," could not do better than take James Pilgrim by the hand, as he always loves to take rising merit by the hand.

At the German Opera House, the biz. has now grown to five nights per week, and on Thanksgiving Day there will be an extra "grand gala" performance. "Der Wildschuetz" (The Poacher) is the next novelty.

"A commission of inquiry" now reports that our correspondents must have been mistaken in supposing and asserting that J. C. Pray, sometimes "Chester," of this city, is the "John Chester" who has been on the rampage (or the ramparts) at Quebec, so much to the loss of certain professionals who are yet engaged in hunting up the real culpril. Mr. Pray will doubtless consider his own name good enough in all future theatrical business.

New York is never behindhand in the matter of rejoicing, and we believe that nearly all our places of amusement offer extra attractions by way of observing Thanksgiving Day in a happy and contented frame of mind. See the managerial announcements in our columns.

John F. Poole is getting up something decidedly thrilling and spectacular for the New Bowery.

At last General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt "actilly" go to Europe. The "guntract" has been signed, and Alf. Cately goes with the party, about New Year's Day.

DRAMATIC.

"Now and Then," writing from Pittsburgh on the 19th, says:—Mr. E. Eddy leaves our town on Saturday night for Cincinnati, where he tarries with Jno. Bates for a fortnight. All things considered, he has played a fine engagement here, and with his new version of "Jack Sheppard" omitted entirely, it is believed he would have done better still. The witty sayings and the hair-breadth escapes of a common thief, such as Jack was, may go down at the Bowery among the multitude of nut crackers, but our pious (?) population are too apt to roll up their eye-balls at those nice young men who go to witness such performances, and therefore many remain outside who would willingly "go in" were public opinion not so over strenuous. Mr. Eddy ran Sheppard three nights, as announced, and then quietly laid it on the shelf. Our newspapers neither counseled people to go or stay, but preserved a respectful silence, which was doubtless appreciated, as they have taken occasion, more than once, to speak of Jack in terms more emphatic than refined. On Monday night, Mr. Allen, with Laura Keene's "Peep O' Day," will commence his second star engagement at the theatre. Last season he was very successful here, and big things are expected of him this time. The piece will be produced in a superior manner, and with the excellent cast, it is expected to have a successful run.

The New Memphis Theatre seems to have the brightest kind of good times under the management of B. R. Maginley. More "people" are wanted to settle out there. Major Gen. W. T. Sherman and our troops are great patrons of the New Memphis. See advertisement of Quarter-Master C. T. Parsloe, of this city, on our sixth page of this issue.

"Sherry Corbyn," writing from San Francisco, on the 29th Oct., says:—As my letters to you have at all times received the preference in your columns, and as I have at all times endeavored to give you the theatrical news as it is, and without prejudice, I think it my duty to set you right in several matters spoken of by 'Bay View' and 'Athens.' 'Bay View,' in his or her letter of August 25th, says that Manager Leighton was compelled to succumb to hard times, close his theatre, and give up his lease. This is untrue, for Manager Leighton still holds the lease of the American, which is now open under his management, with J. H. Taylor and Mrs. Leighton as the stars. Next he says that Leighton is in the mines with a small company of the joint stock arrangement; this is also untrue. Leighton did take a company to the mines, but instead of being small, it was one of the best that ever travelled, including Phelps, Anderson, Locke, Woodhull, Graves, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Perry, and Mrs. Locke, as principals, to whom he paid salaries, and I cannot find a member of the profession to whom he is indebted one dollar. The next untruth is the assertion that Mons. Edward Herman opened at the Metropolitan, under the management of Mr. Andrews. Tom Maguire engaged Mons. Herman, and made a grand failure with him. 'Athens,' in his or her letter of the 2d of Sept., says the house that has been coining money is the old stand-by, Maguire's Opera House. This is untrue, for the past year, with the exception of three weeks, this house has been a losing concern. Hussey, Smith, and Maguire having failed to make both ends meet, it was a few days since re-opened as an opera house, but closed to-day for want of patronage. Gilbert's Melodeon, under the management of Sherry Corbyn, has not met with great success, this I grant; but it has been kept open, all salaries have been paid, and the manager is very well contented with his bad luck, and hopes it may continue for only a couple of years, when he means to retire and give 'Bay View' and 'Athens' an opportunity of making their pile in the same establishment, which, when all others fail, will be sure to continue open. Again, the same correspondent says Tom Maguire has organized a new dramatic company. If he has, it is a secret to your correspondent and the citizens of San Francisco, as from the date of that letter to this hour, no such company has appeared. I have taken the trouble to give you this statement, in order to set your readers right on things as they are here.

"Seneca," writing from St. Louis on the 18th, says:—Miss Jane Coombs, during five nights lately, drew good houses, which increased nightly in number as her fame became more general. An unfortunate *contretemps* prevented her receiving adequate support in leading male parts, which of course chilled her ardor, and gave no scope for her to show her real power. Gifted in no ordinary degree in voice and person, with soul and intelligence beaming in every glance of her eyes, Miss Coombs, so far as we could judge, is an actress of great merit, and will, when time has softened down some now too prominent points in voice and manner, have few peers upon the stage. Miss Daly commenced an engagement of one week last night, in "The Bohemian Girl." Allow me to say a few words in favor of Mr. Griffith, "old man" of the St. Louis Theatre company. Ever "up in his parts," Mr. Griffith is a careful, painstaking, reliable actor, who grows nightly in favor of the audience, and whose place could not well be filled. Mr. Sherry and Mr. W. P. Smith are also favorites of long standing. Business at this house is very good—steadily good—with fair promise of a continuance of the like, or better. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway appear at the St. Louis Theatre on the 27th.

Mrs. Cecile Rush has been recruiting health and studying more characters, so as to make what promises to be a successful season, commencing at Tom Hampton's, Hartford, on the 1st Dec.

Mary Provost has had a triumphant tour in Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis. About the middle of December our Washington friends will find her at Grover's Theatre. Her agent may be addressed as per advertisement at the head of this department. We are glad to see that this rising artist is so well received while going through the usual professional tours and trials on the road to distinction.

Talk about Hamlets, fat or lean, Mrs. Waller gives us a Hamlet as is a Hamlet. Her engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, terminated with her fine rendition of this character, on the 20th. At the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 24th, this admirable actress commences another engagement, and we feel certain that Manager Myers and his audiences will be highly pleased with witnessing the sterling merits of Emma Waller.

A monument is soon to be placed over the remains of the late Wm. B. Wood, at Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. Mr. Wood was an ornament to the dramatic profession. He was connected with the Philadelphia stage some fifty years, in which time he "played many parts," in various departments, and did the business well, when once he got fairly started in his profession. In the following characters he excelled:—Don Felix, De Montfort, Joseph Surface, Belcour, Reuben Glenroy, Rapid, Tangent, Sir Charles Racket, Young Marlowe, Mercutio, Charles de Moor, Brutus, etc. About the year 1810 he entered upon a career of fame which carried him through many ensuing years. He continued to perform until he was quite an old man, but even in his latter days he was still the same pains-taking, careful actor, ever ready to assist where his services would be the most useful. Mr. Wood attained a ripe old age, and was respected and beloved to the last by a large circle of friends. The monument, we understand, will be of a neat and beautiful design, and will add another to the many mournful ornaments that adorn the romantic resting place of the dead on the banks of the Schuylkill.

The various theatres are preparing suitable entertainments for the approaching holidays, and pantomimes and spectacles promise to take the lead in our Christmas fare. We like a good Christmas pantomime, and we hope this kind of performance will be presented more generally than it has heretofore been. Give the little 'uns a chance, too, by offering afternoon holiday performances.

We grieve to record the death of Mrs. (Orianda Marshall) Hardenburgh, of the Boston Museum, and wife of Frank Hardenburgh, of that establishment. Deceased used to perform at the Boston Theatre and at the Howard, when quite a child, and showed rare promise of professional excellence; but, alas! at the age of seventeen, the "dread messenger" takes her away from the stage of this life.

"Bay View" comes to hand bright and clear, as late as the 28th October, from San Francisco, and furnishes the following general assortment:—"Since my last, various changes have occurred in the theatrical world of San Francisco. The ... Theatre having died of Shakespeare, was revived ... but, alas! igable Buck with negro minstrels ... ce, and the "Union" is ten nights closed its ... Buchanan is off for the country, with now dramatic company. Last night he received a substantial benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre. On this occasion, Julius Cæsar was performed, Buchanan appearing for the first time in California in the leading character.....The American is closed. Last night concluded the season. The administering of continued doses of poor houses has done its work at this establishment. The American is probably closed for a long time, to all but the German performances, which are given with continued success. J. H. Taylor, the young American tragedian, is far too quiet, and "holds the mirror up to nature," when he should tear a passion to tatters to supply the popular demand. Mr. Taylor and a portion of the American company are transferred to the Metropolitan, and the Metropolitan will hereafter be under the joint management of Messrs. Leighton & Tibbetts.....At the Metropolitan the business of the week has been good. Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne's benefit on Friday was a "bumper." With Mrs. Hayne, Mrs. Leighton, J. H. Taylor, Mr. Mayo, and others I could name, on the same same stage, there is a dawn of a prosperous season for the management.....Maguire's Opera House has got fairly back into its legitimate traces, *Euterpe*, gentle muse of melody, holding the reins. The re-introduction of opera with Miss Parker, Signora Bianchi, Madame Klebs, Madame Yanker, Sig. Bianchi, Sig. Grossi, Mons. Roncoviri, Mons. Charles, and Mr. John Gregg, as principals, has proved a positive and decided success. "Belissario" was the first opera produced, and it was produced in a style rarely seen in California, entirely new scenery and costumes. "Nabuco" was also produced during the week, with Miss Parker, Signora Bianchi, Sig. Bianchi, and Sig. Grossi, in the principal parts. Signora Bianchi's extreme obesity destroys much of the effect of her singing and acting, and renders her less acceptable to the public; her vocalization, however, in music not too florid, is acceptable. Mrs. Agatha States is announced for Leonora in "Il Trovatore;" as she has been announced for the same "role" in three previous operatic seasons, there may be some doubt of her appearance this season. "Don Pasquale" and "I' Lombardi,' are the next operas to be produced, and we shall probably have a good old fashioned long successful season of opera, under the direction of Manager Maguire in his "sweet little temple," as some poetical critic has denominated the "Opera House.".....We are shortly to have an accession to our operatic force by the addition of the Lyster troupe—Mr. Squires, Mad, Escott, Durand, &c., who are now on their way to California from Australia.....The opening of Wilson's Great World Circus at the pavilion on Jackson street, was the signal for a great rush of the amusement loving public, which caused the "legitimate" and melodeons to lamentably languish. Bill Worrel is the clown, and an immense favorite with the public. Sebastian is with this troupe, and as a bare-backed rider, is unequaled for grace and daring. The season will probably continue three weeks, when, it is rumored, they leave for Central and South America.....Business at the melodeons during the past week has been dull, as the circus and gambling rooms monopolize nearly all the floating population. The Bella Union is the only melodeon that manages to gather a corporal's guard. Gilbert's is almost entirely deserted, and the Jenny Lind is closed.....Hayes Park was opened on Sunday last, under the high sounding title of Cremorne Gardens, by Messrs. Phelps & Pridham, of circus notoriety, the performance consisting of acrobatic and gymnastic feats by a company of the best performers ever concentrated on this coast. The principal feature is M'lle Ella Cadiz, a pleasing and daring performer on the *cord tendue*. A perfect jam was present at the inauguration, and the Willows went begging for patronage.....There is nothing in the interior at present worth noticing. A good many individual showmen are floating around trying to "raise the wind," who feel comforted with the slightest breeze.

By reference to our extended theatrical advertisements, it will appear that Miss Adah Isaacs Menken intends producing "Mazeppa" this week, at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, with all the thrilling feats of horsemanship and characteristic acting, which has made the piece inseparable from her name. The press of Baltimore enthusiastically proclaims Adah "the greatest actress of the day, and in face and form, the most beautiful woman in the world." After that, we can add no more, but when they behold the lady in "Mazeppa"—well, they *will* see a treat then. "The Menken" finishes at this theatre Nov. 26, and about December 1st will probably commence another star engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. After terminating her two weeks at Wood's, she will retire from the stage until next spring, or about the middle of February.

Owing to indisposition, Mr. Davenport was unable to continue his engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, the latter part of last week. Probably the "Black Doctor" dosed him rather more than was good for his general health. The stock company has filled up the week. Mr. Davenport will probably resume his performances this evening.

The Arch, Philadelphia, considering the weather, did a good business, with J. S. Clarke as the attraction. A new piece, "Peter Waxem, The Gentleman of Nature," was brought out last week, with J. S. Clarke as Peter. Three pieces on one night is rather heavy business for a star, but Mr. Clarke doesn't seem to mind it.

Julia Daly has been induced to renew her engagement at the St. Louis Theatre.

J. Wilkes Booth commences an engagement at Indianapolis on the 27th.

What has become of John C. Addams? We have not been able to trace him since he left California for Australia. Where is "that Yankee?"

The (so called) Webb Sisters wound up their engagement at Buckland's Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 22d, after great success in "Fanchon," Miss Emma doing the old witch, and Miss Ada the young one. Manager Buckland starts on the 24th for Quebec, where he stops two weeks, and then returns to Montreal.

The Bateman party remain at the Howard, Boston, but we fancy that "those six weeks" seem very dubious.

There is every sign of success about Edwin Booth's opening of the Boston Theatre, commencing on the 24th. Company capital.

The Boston Museum produced a new piece on the 24th, called "Magnolia, The Planter's Daughter." Kate Reignolds is the heroine, and that is enough said, usually, unless the authorship is "too poor for utterance."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof." Jes so. Miss Mary Provost proved it, by taking $1,240 as her share of the receipts at the theatre in Louisville, during the third week of her engagement, at least, so a very small bird whispered in our ear: and further, that she had an offer from Australia of $20,000 for two hundred nights, which she declines to take.

"Thespian," writing from Norfolk, Va., on the 20th, lets the daylight "come clear through the lines," from some of our "wayward sisters," as well as the brothers:—"Miss Mitchell still attracts good houses. This lady is a great favorite here. On Monday, the 11th inst., Mr. J. A. Oates (formerly leading gentleman of the Kean Dramatic Association, of Wilmington, Del.,) made his first appearance as Michael Erle, in the play of that name, and Sir William, in the "Rough Diamond," concluding on Thursday night. On Friday evening, the 14th, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," Miss Mitchell making her re-appearance as the Duchess, and the "Married Rake." Saturday evening, "The Factory Girl" and "The Serious Family," was presented to the fullest house of the season; and Mr. H. Gossin (formerly of the Holiday, Baltimore,) and Mr. S. E. Browne, made their first appearance, the former as Stephan Plum, in "The Factory Girl," and Charles Torrens, in "The Serious Family," the latter as Sir Arthur Lassell and Capt. Murphy Maguire. Mr. Browne is announced as stage manager. On Monday evening, Miss Mitchell appeared as "Lucretia Borgia." In this character Miss Mitchell displayed talent of the highest order. Wednesday evening, Mrs. Lovell's play of "Love's Sacrifice," and the farce of "The Pleasant Neighbor," with Mr. T. P. Herndon as Christopher Strap. Mr. Herndon was formerly Adjutant of the 99th Regiment N. Y. V. He resigned for some reason, and is now the popular low comedian of the Norfolk Opera House. Thursday evening, "The Hidden Hand," dramatised from Mrs. Southworth's tale of that name, is announced, with Miss Mitchell as Capitola, and Mr. H. W. Gossin as Old Hurricane. From some cause, about an hour after the rising of the curtain, the gas invariably gets so low that candles are brought into requisition—it is a great annoyance. Will Manager Glenn please announce the cause?

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

"Troubles rarely come singly," is an adage often quoted, and seldom is its truth so fully exemplified as in the case of Mr. S. S. Sanford, so long and so well known in minstrel circles. In a very brief period, he has lost through the stern hand of death, a beloved wife, and a respected father, and at the battle of Antietam, his brother was unfortunate enough to lose a leg in his country's cause. This, together with pecuniary misfortunes, would seem enough to break any man down, but, Job-like, he bears up with commendable patience and fortitude, and we sincerely hope that the future will make good to him the indebtedness of the past in comfort and happiness, as well as material prosperity. In reference to the late Mrs. Sanford, we have been handed the following by Mr. Cool White for publication, than whom, no one not of the family knew more of her private virtues and business capacity.

OBITUARY.—Died, on Monday, Nov. 17th, LURISSA SANDFORD, wife of Samuel S. Sandford, the well-known proprietor of "Sandford's Opera Troupe." For many years past Mrs. S. has acted as manageress of this troupe, and her promptness in all business matters won for her the universal esteem of the public and the profession generally. Possessed of a mild and amiable distressed and unfortunate, her loss will be severely felt by the poor, who were the continual recipients of her bounty; by the members of the profession, who will recall her many acts of kindness towards them; by the public, who will mourn the loss of a valuable member of society; and, most of all, by her bereaved husband, who now mourns the loss of a fond and affectionate wife. None knew her but to love her.

The curtain of life has rung down,
Life's drama with thee now is o'er:
Mayest thou wear an immortal crown,
Where sorrows can reach thee no more.

From the Cape of Good Hope, we have news of the arrival there of the Christy Minstrels, from England. The following is a copy of a letter we have just received from a correspondent at the Cape:—

CAPE TOWN CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Before ... England, I wrote you about the division in the Christy Minstrels, and also of our company, their number, names, and our proposed route. We landed here by the Norman mail steamer, after a fine passage, and have now been showing for upwards of four weeks to splendid business. We have also played in Simons Town, and Stellenbooch, and next week we go to Port Elizabeth, six hundred miles up the coast. Our stay here is very limited, as we sail for Calcutta, per steamer Jason, in a few weeks.....Mr. Parry has a theatrical company at Port Elizabeth, and the theatre at Cape Town is under the directorship of Mrs. Tellett. There is a great want of amusement here, but it is difficult to say what would be most likely to make a hit, as the inhabitants are mostly Dutch, and retain strongly their ancient prejudices. They are a very sanctified lot. Our company includes A. Nish, Joe Brown, J. Rainford, J. H. Melvyn, C. Steele, C. Stewart, and Wash Norton. I will let you hear from us on our route. Yours, J. H. MELVYN.

The *Cape Town Argus* devotes nearly a column to an account of one of the performances given at that place by the Christy Minstrels. It says:—"On Thursday night a grand fashionable performance was given by Christy's Minstrels, in the hall of the Commercial Exchange, at which his Excellency the Governor, and Mrs. Wodehouse, with the *elite* of Cape society, were present. The room was crowded, every ticket having been taken as early as Tuesday, and the subsequent applications showed that the popularity of the minstrels was still in the ascendant. The programme was admirably selected." By the programme, we notice that Wash. Norton gave his "Great Parliamentary Speech, or, Any Other Man;" and Joe Brown danced his "Silver Belt Jig." The *Argus* says:—"The parliamentary speech was even better than usual, and one query of the orator 'What the comet lately discovered had to do with the *starvation* allowance to the civil service?' 'Or any other man,' told with great effect, the distressed civil servants themselves joining most heartily in the laughter."

Another new minstrel company is forming at New Bedford by Bones Remington, which will soon open at Hartford, and then come on here. The principal members are Bones Remington, bones, jig dancer, and general performer; L. Dunn, first violinist and musical director; S. Hutchinson, second violinist and alto; J. W. Florence, banjoist and middle man; M. B. Levi, bones, tambourinist, and Ethiopian comedian; Master Geo. Ross, balladist and 1st tenor; C. A. Hamilton, guitarist and second tenor; J. B. Edwards, bass viol, violoncello, and bass singer.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels and Brass Band seem to be hunting up public favor with a sharp prow and "Ethiopian Iron-Clads." For the meaning of all this metaphor, please examine their "scrouger" of an advertisement. It appears that Sam is "sharp set" on obtaining or extending his fame among the New England States. Go where he may, he certainly has a talented company, which need not fear to put forth their "great challenge programme" anywhere. In addition, for talent always needs business protection, Sam has, around and in advance of him, some of the best business artists, advisers, and representatives, a great artist could desire. No danger for Sam Sharpley. Let the lovers of comic or sentimental mistrelsy look out for him.

In another paragraph we have mentioned Sam Sharpley's intended tour among the New England States; but, as Sam has hosts of friends wherever the "nigs" may travel, and especially in those places where he has once performed, we must chronicle his present movements. He opened at Oswego, N. Y., on the 19th, in a small hall. The weather was not merely rainy, but "floody;" and yet the treasurer reported nearly $100. At the same time, in other parts of that city, two dramatic entertainments were going on; one had fourteen "specked taters," and the other had six! On the 2d night, 20th, Sam's treasurer had a much bigger job of counting. On the 21st, the company did well in Utica, and "ditto repeato" in Schenectady on the 22d. On the 24th and 25th, Albany has the honor of giving a welcome to such talented artists as Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, and no doubt "the goose hangs high."

A. J. Leavitt, stage manager of Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, has "put his foot down like Andrew Jackson" in an advertisement which may be found on the sixth page of this issue. A. J. says that certain people have been appropriating some of his productions.

Hooley's Minstrels, about twenty in number and all first-class artists, continue to delight and astonish our Brooklyn friends. All who have seen them once, wish to see them again, for their variety of programme is wonderful, and they are sure to be excellent in all. Among the ladies, it is now considered quite unfashionable to confess that one has "not been to Hooley's." Come, boys, get out the cloaks and shawls; and let us learn how heartily our lady friends can laugh, or sympathize with the beautifully sentimental ballads which are so tastefully interspersed among each and every evening's performance.

The Dobson Brothers are waking up the public more than ever as teachers of the banjo. See their advertisement.

Samuel S. Sanford's father was buried on the 16th inst., and his wife on the 19th. Surely the minstrel's heart must be "bowed down by weight of woe."

New Brunswick, N. J., people are rather down on Byron Christy and Frank Edwards, who gave an entertainment there on the 8th, promising at the time to give one-fourth of the entire receipts to the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society. Up to the 20th, the ladies had not received one cent of the money promised. How's this? Charity is not a subject to be trifled with, boys.

Lee & Tree's Minstrels open at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, on Thanksgiving Day. The band consists of seventeen performers, under the management of Ritchie Mack. The following comprise the company:—Ritchie Mack and Billy Hooker, end men; Sim Morton, Pat McGowan, Jake Cotter, Tom Painter, J. McGrath, J. J. Myers, Ed Burns, Ned Allen, Mike McLaughlin, J. D. McMahon, W. and J. Lee, A. Fleming, J. L. Carter, Master Fred and D. D. Toel.

At Boston there is no use in trying to disguise the fact that Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels are the most attractive company in their line of biz. "Scipio, the Intelligent Monkey," knocks Scipio Africanus into several cocked hats, Pompey's composity is nowhere, and Julius Cæsar himself would "have ter laugh," while Hannibal the younger, might get both eyes "wide open tight" with looking on at the fun. More fun is to come out when this company begin their peculiar style of pantomimes, which will be very soon. In the meantime, the "houses" are such that the building is not half large enough for the patronage, although quite comfortable for all who go in good time.

T. M. Hayes took a farewell benefit at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, on the 22d, and was honored with a very flattering testimonial to his popularity. T. M. H., will now have a chance to enjoy his first week of liberty in seven months. As a clog-dancer it will puzzle him to find his equal.

Mrs. Bryant's Female Minstrel and Burlesque Opera Troupe are operating in Canada, and this company certainly seems to be very attractive. They were at Montreal on the 20th, 21st and 22d.

MUSIC HALLS.

Olympic Music Hall, Race street, Philadelphia, is still closed, and it seems difficult for the owner to find a tenant for it. Music hall patronage centres now in Chestnut and Walnut streets, and the Continental, Casino, and Canterbury, get the cream of the business.

A new *ballet*, "La Nymph du Bois," was produced last week at the Continental, Philadelphia. The *ballet corps* appears to great advantage in this beautiful piece. Harry Leslie has been making ascensions on the rope, from the stage to the dome of the hall. On Saturday he was announced to make an ascension, carrying a man on his back. Matt. Gebbler, comic singer and comedian, made his appearance at the Continental last week.

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, See page 269.

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face;
Somebody's wished for your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold,"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould;
If noboby knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody'll miss of them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you "a miserly bore;"
If nobody's slandered you, here is our pen,
Sign yourself NOBODY as quick as you can.

AN HOUR WITH A CONVICT.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FIVE POINTS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. GILMER.

I probably can recite as many strange reminiscences of that classical region known as the "Five Points," as any man of my age, and I think I can give a good many old residents odds of a few years, and beat them on those matters.

At the period of which I write I was merely a boy, or at least of that age which youngsters now-a-days consider to be manhood, viz., turning nineteen years. I was brought up in the "Bloody Sixth Ward," and my life was identified then, as it has been since, to a great degree, with its habits and institutions.

What boy ever lived or was reared in this great city had a better opportunity of seeing and knowing the difference between the good and the bad than one brought up in the Sixth Ward? And although it has borne a hard [illegible] the noon-tide of my life, willing to that that locality, even in a [illegible] consideration and thought, says, has always been "more sinned against than sinning."

At the time of which I speak, and for a few years after, there was sport there—aye, by the gods, and real sport, too. Upon certain evenings of the week it was a carnival of fun to step down from Centre street to Pete Williams' when the lamps were ablaze.

There was "life" in Pete Williams', I tell you, and gay life, too, sonny boy. The writer had returned from the Free Academy, had entered his name as a pupil in one of the best gymnasiums in the city, and being of a truant turn of mind, and fond of excitement, he desired no better relaxation than to step down for a few minutes in the evening and take an inventory of the ladies and gents visiting Hotel de Williams.

It is almost needless for me to speak to the readers of the CLIPPER of the wild and giddy sport that might be indulged in there, and the dangers that might have been passed if that sport was carried to extremes. But if any one had a license for his extravagance in that matter, it certainly was a "Sixth Ward boy."

There is a wonderful history to be written of that locality, and especially of Pete Williams' house. That was *the* institution of the "bay," as it has been more recently called, and a number of those who since then have arose to the position of City Fathers, and other prominent places in our city government, have spent their wildest and most boisterous hours in that celebrated "shantee." The highest as well as the lowest class of people in the city of New-York visited Pete Williams'.

No one, I presume, who knows anything about the place, will attempt to deny this. As for my part, I am willing to make my "affidavy" that I have seen some of the biggest bugs in this city spread themselves in Little Water street. But Pete had as handsome a Creole to receive them, and as good a bottle of wine to crack for them, as any other man on this Island of Manhattan, "and more too."

Oh, if the walls of that rough and uncouth "crib" had audible language, what a shriek of dismay and misery they could send through some "brown stone fronts" that I know of now in the Fifth Avenue.

So much for a boy's recollection. Those sports who used to revel in wine and Southern Creoles, and exhausted their mirthfulness and purses in the heart of the Five Points (hard as it may sound,) in those days, have become staid and dignified citizens, and may be seen every afternoon promenading on the twenty-five cent side of Broadway.

It is a notorious fact, that Pete Williams received the best and most lucrative part of his patronage from those who were bound by connubial ties to home. But since those men were of a sportive disposition, there certainly was no place in this town where they could enjoy themselves better. This advantage they surely indulged in to their heart's content.

I declare, it makes my heart light to think of that house. Many and many a splendid gallopade and reel I've footed there. Pete's girls were not only the handsomest specimens of their color in the United States, but the most agile and beautiful dancers I've ever seen. It was a terpsichorean treat, I tell you, to see some of 'em "forward two." Then when the quadrille was finished, Johnny Dimond or Juba gave us a jig, and let me tell you that "a shower of browns" was not the reward of a fine specimen of heel-and-toe-ology in that house, but good bright solid half-dollar pieces and bills on the "Chemical Bank," in a match dance.

After Johnny beat Juba he became a little stiff and saucy, and the desire was so great to see him "throw himself," that we remember him often to have made his nice little twenty-five or fifty eelskins out of Williams' Hotel.

If Johnny Dimond had been wise and temperate, he would have been a millionaire to-day. But he was "as good as they made 'em" every time. He was gifted, generous, and fond of his mother. I know this, because I grew up with him; and, no matter where he performed, if I couldn't be allowed behind the scenes, no Johnny Dimond would dance there.

But the Clipperites, who are generally "right smart fellows," and want to hold on to the thread of a narrative, will naturally inquire how about the "Hour with the Convict?"

Well, I'll tell you. Just as I left Pete Williams' one night, and carried with me a few glasses of the ruby, I stopped into C. (excuse me, I don't like to mention proper names) Brown's mill, I mean. It was about half-past one o'clock in the morning. The "setters" had been ousted, and the barkeeper was about "closing up." I had biz. with the Boniface of the establishment, and that was the nature of my business at that hour in the morning.

As I was sitting quietly, enjoying a very questionable Havana, a human form stepped into the "mill." He frightened me, although I am not constituted that way.

"Gi'e me a drink, will ye," said he, in an almost dying gasp, and he fell prostrate upon the floor. "Gi'e me a drink, God d——n you!" he repeated, and his teeth closed as if he were lock-jawed.

The landlord paused, and looked amazed, for his visitor was dressed almost as plain as Adam in Eden.

"Give him a drink!" I exclaimed, "and I will pay for it!"

"Yes, I will pay for it!" muttered the drunken convict.

"Now, look here," he said, after a half tumbler full of liquor had been given to him and poured down while leaning on one of his elbows: "I've been after you a long time," pointing to me, "and by the Eternal God you shall never leave this place alive!"

The landlord was frightened, and I, a mere boy, looked in several directions to find some way to get out, but in vain. He had a herculean frame, and I was afraid of him taking a hold of me.

"By God!" exclaimed the landlord, "he's got the delirium tremens!"

In an instant the drunken lunatic seized a meat axe just at his hand, and using a superhuman effort, he jumped to his feet.

"Now," he hissed, "I've got you cornered. You pitched me out of a window, did you. Now, God damn you, I'll take your brains out on the edge of this hatchet."

Suiting the action to the word, he sprang upon the poor bar keeper, and struck at him with the meat axe. The concocter of various drinks was himself, however, and meeting the maniac with a stout club and resolute arm, knocked him senseless to the floor.

The house was in an uproar. I, fearful of the bar keeper's fate, ran out and alarmed the officers of justice, who were singularly loth in interfering with the foulest crimes that had ever been perpetrated in that region.

But the call in this instance was too imperative, and the "bluffers" made their appearance in the plural number. This was certainly a startling occurrence.

One of the most stubborn resistances I have ever witnessed ensued that night. The convict was insane, and the officers were determined to "take him in." The maniac seeming to define his position precisely, put himself on the defensive, and dashing across the counter, seized the cheese-box cover, and in a second leveled the officer to the floor. In the meantime we were at him (the barkeeper and I) like tigers, and whilst the officer recovered his consciousness, we had him bound hand and foot on the floor.

Reinforcements, answering the beat of the officer's club, were quickly present, and the insane desperado was, like a mad dog, dragged to the city prison.

To the sentence and decision of the presiding officer he made the same obstinate resistance, and, sought, stealthily and villainously, a weapon by which he could injure some one—no matter who it might be.

Captain John Magnus entered the Station House at this period of the proceedings, and exclaimed upon meeting the prisoner's gaze, "Well, well, are you living yet, Paddy? Why, I thought the worms had disposed of you years ago. I imagined Potter's Field had shielded you, and given you peace for ever.

A sudden grab for a huge ink bottle, and a dash of the same for the Captain's head, was the convict's response to [illegible] admonitory speech, and the insane ruffian was forthwith [illegible] into a cell.

Peace reigned supreme in [illegible] street. The desperado was caged, and bolt and bar confined his [illegible] and longitude to a very contracted area.

In the morning, when the sentinel visited his cell for the purpose of ascertaining his condition and state of mind, he discovered him prostrate upon the floor of the cell, the wrist of his right arm clasped in his teeth, and his eyes aglare, and standing watery and fixed in his head.

He had bitten his wrist in delirium through the night, and had died of lockjaw.

Thus perished one of the once most intelligent and respected, but subsequently one of the most depraved and obdurate convicts that had ever cursed the State Prison with his presence.

The night alluded to was a night of terror to me. I was comparatively young and unsophisticated, although I was fond of sport, and would be, if possible, where it was going on. I got more of that than I wanted on the occasion referred to. It took the starch out of my collar, and made such an indellible impression upon my mind, as to make mere member as long as I live, that never-to-be-forgotten "hour with a convict."

A THANKSGIVING POULTRY SHOOT.

"This was the way of it. You see 'Old Lines' and 'Sid' started out just before Thanksgiving, for a shooting match—more common a few years ago, than now—about six or seven miles from here, off on the Cheshire road. They had but one gun between them, and they agreed to use it 'justly,' as Captain Cuttle would say. Well, they got to the place where the shooting match was to come off and had a few shots each, without any return for the money expended; either because the chickens were too far off, or the cider-brandy they had imbibed, prevented them from getting good sight at the game. They were determined to have some poultry for Thanksgiving, some way or other, either by fair means or foul, even if they had to blaze away at the tenants of some of the numerous farm-yards they passed; though that was dangerous, and might be expensive business. After once more refreshing themselves, a bright idea presented itself to the mind of Old Lines, where upon he said to his companion: Sid, I have it!"

Sid was a little startled by the abrupt remark, but he was courageous enough to ask, "Where is it?"

"Where? never you mind, Sid; you know old Deacon Holly keeps a tavern about two miles from here. Let's go and try some of his poultry."

Now, the reason old Holly was called "deacon," was because he mixed so many hard words—sometimes called profane—in his every-day speech, that his neighbors, and the frequenters of his tavern, declared him entitled to the appellation. Sid agreed to the proposal of his friend, and after arranging who should carry the gun, and who the ammunition and provisions (the latter mostly in a wooden bottle, common in those days) they started for the "deacon's." They were jolly companions at all times, but the frequent tippling of the wooden bottle made them more jolly than usual, and when they got to the deacon's, they felt as if they had been going up hill all the way; but Lines had not disclosed his project to Sid, and Sid was not disposed to ask any more questions than was necessary, in their present state of fatigue. Finally, just before they reached the house, Lines says, "Sid, load your gun, and load her well!"

Sid obeyed orders, and put in a good charge of powder and a charge of buck-shot, and announced himself all ready.

"Now let me load her," says Lines.

"What for?" says Sid, "I tell you she's already loaded."

Sid handed him the gun, and he put in about the same quantity of powder and shot.

"Now, Sid, mind you, when we get to the Deacon's, you ask him how much he will charge you for a shot at his flock of poultry, and let you have all you kill. I know the old cuss; he thinks more of his chickens and turkeys than he does the rest of his family, and of course he won't let you shoot. Never you mind, we hain't got any game to-day, and we must have some for Thanksgiving. If he refuses to let you fire, we will go into the barroom and have a little "red-eye," and I'll manage him. You stand your gun up in the corner, carelessly, and after we have had our swig, you go out into the yard to take an observation.

Sid could not appreciate the joke that he knew was to come, although he felt it was coming; for old Lines seldom failed.

The deacon met them at the door, a not very common occurrence for him at that time of the day, and cordially greeted them.

A drink all round made them congenial, when Sid commenced his negotiations, as instructed by his superior, and finally offered the deacon three shillings for a shot at his poultry. The deacon felt indignant—insulted; he would not have his poultry fired at for twenty-five dollars, and he would shoot any man that would do it. There chickens and those turkeys he was fatting for Christmas, and he would not have one of them killed before that time for any amount of money.

During the conversation, Sid stood his gun up carelessly in one corner, walked to the bar, emptied his glass, and suddenly walked out at the door. Lines saw him go, and intimated to the deacon that the last few drops in that glass were too much for Sid, and he would play a trick upon him.

Pointing to the gun, he said to his host, "Deacon, see here, I'll draw the charge out of that ere gun, and when he comes in, you make a bargain with him for a shot, that's all."

"All right, old fellow; give us your hand," says the deacon.

"A joke is a joke," says Lines.

"True, that's so, you're right there," replied the deacon; and Lines went to work and withdrew a heavy charge of buckshot and powder from Sid's gun, and set it back in the corner, in the same position as he found it, at the same time giving a significant nod to the deacon, as much as to echo all right. The host treated Lines on the strength of the joke, and he had but just emptied his glass as Sid came in, who, aware that Lines was one ahead of him on the drinks, took up his gun, as if about to leave, when the deacon called out to him; "I say friend, what did you say you would give me for a shot at them fowls out there?"

"Well, if you will get them all together up in the corner, and let me have what I kill the first time, I'll give you three shillings; my gun is loaded, and I'd like to have a chance at 'em."

"I'll tell you what 'tis, friend, you may pull your trigger on 'em once, and once only, for three shillings, and have what you kill; but if you miss 'em you must pay me a dollar, and I only allow it just for the fun of the thing."

"Done," says Sid, "thats all I want to do it for, but you must 'shoo' 'em up in the corner where I can have a fair sight at 'em."

So the deacon and old Lines went out into the yard, and drove the chickens and turkeys up in the corner of the yard, and Sid primed his gun. It had an old flint lock, made before percussion locks were so common, but he was not long at it, however, and stepping out of the door, rested his piece across a rail fence for better aim. As soon as the word was given, and he could steady himself, he pulled the trigger—fizz-z, it went, and bang! Sid, either from the recoil of the gun, or from over excitement, lay sprawling on the ground, nine chickens and two turkeys were sacrificed, and a general scattering took place among the flock. Old Lines expressed, in emphatic words, his astonishment, and the deacon swore terribly; and when he accused Lines of trickery, his only reply was. "You saw me draw the charge, and how in the devil did I know there was another charge in the cursed old gun?"

As soon as Sid recovered his equilibrium, he picked up as much of the game as he and Lines could carry, and invited the host to a drink from the wooden bottle, requesting [illegible] to treat his next guests to a Thanksgiving dinner from the poultry [illegible] behind.

The Deacon's expression, in relation to the affair, was so far from being chaste or polite, that from that time his appellation among his acquaintances was changed from "deacon" to "parson," by which title he is known by all the frequenters of "Henroost Tavern."

The above is given, be it observed, solely on the grounds of morality. Don't cheat lest ye be cheated. "And further depenent sayeth not."

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